

MACLEAN'S

WAR DRUMS

Bush plays on in the face of noisy protests

REALLY WIRED

The new addiction to on-line games

ROCK 'N' ROLL MEMORIES

Pioneering DJ Red Robinson on Elvis, the Beatles, and some hot lyrics

RETIRED REBORN

CANADIANS ARE FINDING SECOND ACTS FOR THEIR LIVES



Former teacher Nora Perra



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IS THIS WAR 'INEVITABLE'?

In the debate over Iraq, pundits and politicians are finding some surprises

WITH THE KIDS ASLEEP and my wife away one night recently I watched some of scenes of the Michael Jackson special that first aired a few weeks ago. Jackson is a profoundly strange, and funny, and often disgusting, weird, does cinema of there is crazy. But you can understand why his people cried out for over this program: the British interviewer, Martin Bashir, asked those villains in silent interview who were forever crying poor Palestine to the railroad media-as-trump approach. He's really and so falsely engaging in such questions and comments to Jackson that it seems clear he intended to make his look bad from the outset. So along with Jackson, we end up judging his people, Bashir—and what an answer it will. Jackson is, at the least, deeply weird—but we're also left looking, by the end of the program, that the fiction has been arranged and manipulated to enhance the strength of that conclusion.

I suppose you could make the same case about media coverage of a possible U.S.-led war with Iraq. By describing war as a near-certain, do we contribute to that outcome? A recent search by the Chicago Tribune found 725 mentions of "imminent war" in U.S. newspapers and was nervous as the last on itself, along with 214 mentions of "imminent war" and 84 of "up coming war." The television all news networks regularly carry big lines at the bottom of the screen that say things like Showdown Iraq. You're ready the same language in Canadian reporting—reading Maclean's. We do so because—on paper—it's only recently—the evidence has pointed toward war as inevitable. And I'd argue that if we were to downplay that likelihood of war, we'd create a false sense of security that could also have damaging implications.

But the bigger story these days isn't so much the rhetoric from the White House—it's what's happening on main streets around the world. Tens of thousands of people who traveled around the world and saw war demonstrations included numbers as high as three million people in Rome and two million in Las

Vegas—and Italy and Britain's leaders have been silent supporters of George W. Bush's position on Iraq. In Canada, the numbers were estimated as high as 150,000 protesters in Montreal, and 80,000 in Toronto. Beyond their size, the demos are noteworthy because the strikers reflected a cross section of society, and the protests seemed to have been planned at the grass roots level—rather than by a central group.

The demonstrations also reflect a disconnect between the views of influential media people and their audience. In Britain, the Times, Daily Telegraph and Sun news papers have all backed Tony Blair's silence with Bush—even as one poll showed that 60 per cent of U.K. respondents have little or no confidence in Blair with regard to Iraq, and 79 per cent disagree with Bush. In the U.S., some major papers are moving away from earlier support of a U.S.-led war. Editor of Publisher magazine reported last week that in survey of the editors of a two-prime papers showed that, in their editorial pages "a majority of top papers oppose any attack on Iraq without broad international support." An other poll showed that 58 per cent of American believe the country lacks sufficient international backing to wage war.

With the U.S. and Britain expected to put a new resolution seeking support for their Iraq efforts before the United Nations Security Council this week, you get a sense that the march to war has been stalled—at least for now. As an alternative to battle, talk isn't cheap, and there is better. And as we see out there on the streets, when it comes to talk of war, the medium and the message—and nothing is inevitable.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

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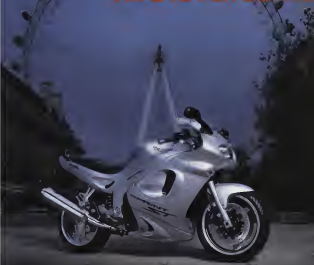
David G. Smith

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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



FINDING THE RIGHT FIT

As a record number of Canadian students and parents anxiously wrestle with tough post-secondary education choices, Ann Dawsett Johnston is preparing to embark on a cross-country tour to launch Maclean's Guide to Canadian Universities 2003.

"Choosing the right university has never been so difficult," says Dawsett Johnston, Maclean's Editor at Large. "Spaces are limited, competition is stiff and students have hedged their bets, applying to a record number of schools. This year, even for the brightest, it's a game of musical chairs."

Dawsett Johnston, a five-time National Magazine Award-winner who also oversees the annual Maclean's university rankings, will tour from Vancouver to Halifax, promoting the eighth annual guide. Designed to help with every facet of the decision-making process, the 256-page publication features comprehensive profiles of 60 post-secondary institutions, a 79-page directory of entrance scholarships, information on co-op and internships, minimum entrance grades and most popular programs, residence and meal options, a financial planner, a primer for international students—plus the annual rankings.

But from the editor's viewpoint, the highlight of the book is Campus Confidential, greatly expanded this year. For six months, guide staff spoke to hundreds of students, finding out what was hot—or not—at their university. Says Dawsett Johnston: "There is no better way to take the pulse of a campus, to offer prospective students a sense of whether this is a place that will fit. And ultimately, this is what the guide is all about: finding a university that fits."

The Maclean's Guide to Canadian Universities 2003 is available on March 5. To obtain a copy, call 1-888-360-4434 (in Toronto 416-596-1462). Or, fax, contact www.macleans.ca/guide2003.

For further information contact: behindthescenes@macleans.ca

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"If the NHL can't understand that it has to build the love of hockey through the average person, eventually there will be nobody left to pay its prices." —*NEVILL GORTY, www.ice.ca*

Unsportsmanlike conduct

Slap away individualism—such as a weakening economy and increased competition for the continental dollar, and the real reason professional sports are suffering is because of greed, falling business plans that show little regard for the paying fan ("Spoiled Sports," Cover, Feb. 17). As group, hockey players, supposedly the most unsporting of professional athletes, show little regard for anything other than their incomes. Owners, whose aims under league commissions or Gary Bettman are increased revenues and franchise values, expend the number of teams far beyond the supply of big-league players. Because they lack skill, expansion teams play boring hockey. By February, the overbearing schedule means injuries that cannot heal and a severity of player exodus. Meanwhile, other pros are lashed behind affordability. When I grew up in Toronto, watching professional hockey was an important part of our lives. Yet the present generation will never know how it was.

—*Mark Casper, Toronto*

Doelinger provides a model for what needs, and that is the Canadian Football League. For revenue schemes, cost control, reasonable salaries and care for the fans, it has made a name for itself. This is not an accident. The CFL once followed the path of the others and learned the hard way what had to be done. One day, as well, it was a model for fan behaviour than others, and that is Montreal. We may be a little over-sensitive at times, and we are called a lousy sports town by many reporters. Apparently, we demand fair treatment from the sport and the players. When the Alouettes forgot this, they were downed out of town. When they returned and practised the new behaviour, they became one of the most popular games in town.

—*Rob Franklin, Montreal*

Marky roots of war

Barbara Aniel, Dear you: Canada's stance in the latest world war isn't, at best, any



lessening ("What's not to stand," Column, Feb. 17). I hope we never need U.S. help if Bush decides to take us over. On politics in general and Canadian politics particularly, the old definition—"pity" from the Gook, meaning "ratty" and "tick" from the Canadian meaning "blood-draining parasites"—fits the bill.

—*Don Kilbride, Colchester Ont.*

Once again, Barbara Aniel has raised the bar. NATO may work on the premise that an attack on one is an attack on all, but who has Iraq attacked recently? Saddam Hussein may be dangerous and has certainly committed past atrocities, but this is now and, by our laws, we simply do not lock up or kill people for what they might do. The aggressor here is the United States. The victims will be the Iraqi people. And Saddam will merely along.

—*Valerie Pegg, Calgary*

Barbara Aniel states correctly that Britain and France set about dismantling the Ottoman Empire in the late 19th century. The colonial matters in London and Paris made all sorts of promises regarding the Arabs outside against the Turks and created Iraq, Syria, Jordan and Lebanon to arm their own imperial ambitions. Aniel goes on to point out

that, "Now, both France and Britain are vulnerable to an unexamined minority consisting of an indeterminate number of people who are not just a troubling electoral factor but are literally ready to make trouble in recent areas of alleged terrorist in both countries make clear." Do not these arguments support these countries that are slow to back George W. Bush? This scenario repeated powers led to the present situation. This one is very scary and other than cannot.

—*Bill Carr, Newmarket, Ont.*

Barbara Aniel may be a righteous no-darney, but she does recognize facts, that the war on terrorism is war on Muslims, or Islamism, as she calls them. She even evokes the "unenviable position" of France because of the number of troublesome Algerians (Muslims) in that country. There are so many and their birth rate is so high that the question is being asked, when will France become a Muslim country? Aniel has no illusions about the war on terrorists, it's a war on Muslims that makes it a real and very big war.

—*Peter Starnberg, West Vancouver, B.C.*

I hope Barbara Aniel also reads the interview with Michael Strong in the same issue ("Conflict is clearly possible," Q&A). As Strong points out, Canada's stance internationally owes much to its membership on the UN. We would have to look to the UN to give us a unilateral U.S. move on Iraq. Canada's economic dependence on the U.S. has always been more by default than by choice, and it does not imply that we must align ourselves either politically or socially with our southern neighbour. It takes more courage to stand up to one's neighbor than to bow to the big guy.

—*Charles Linton, Vancouver*

I thought Jean Chrétien did take a stand. He said that if the UN decided on war in Iraq, then we would do our part. I don't think Canada should immediately follow some large, stronger countries into war. I am an 80-year-old descendant of the Second World War, and I concluded, after the war, that the emotionalist objector who calmly in court public votes was in better as any veteran. Barbara Aniel writes that Canada has a "cowardly" position and that Chrétien's foreign policy lacks both courage and moral-

ity. To judge Canada in this manner, a person must have served his or her country long and honestly and also have impeccable personal morals. Those superior beings are indeed rare.

—*A. Ralph Nelson, St. Catharines, Ont.*

Comparatively speaking

Of British Foreign Minister Jack Straw's suggestion that "Hider and Saddam have more common than you and I," Jonathan Gathhouse comments, "I've always subscribed to the theory that when someone starts drawing comparisons to the leader of the Third Reich, the rational portion of the argument is pretty much over" ("Washington's march on war," The Long Cable, Feb. 17). Unfortunately, this was true while Gathhouse himself compared George W. Bush and Tony Blair—two people who might happen to be in anti-factual and moral agreement on the major issue of the day—conventional and his dunnery. It seems that hyperbole from the left side of the political dial is acceptable, but from the right it's "irrational." Double standard, folks.

—*John Greco, Bolton, Ont.*

Middle East security

Peter Mansbridge comments on the lack of airline security in the Middle East compared with North America, i.e., the use of wireless steel cutters by Royal Jordanian airways ("A Middle East diary," *Mansbridge on the Record*, Feb. 17). I was recently on a Lahti flight and that is the case: wireless steel cutters. There has always been better airport security in the Middle East and Europe than in North America. It is only since 9/11 that North America has finally taken airport and airline security seriously. Changing the criteria to plastic is a way of North America giving its people a false sense of security.

—*Colleen Emison, Amherst, Jordan*

It was a relief to read in Peter Mansbridge's column news about the Middle East with an objective eye to it. However, being a daughter of an Iraqi mother and a Palestinian father and calmly waiting for my Canadian papers in Montreal, while my scattered family members worry their fate in Baghdad, Amman, Abu Dhabi and Oslo, I shake my head at how trivial the lives of my beloved ones have become.

—*Sara Aniel, Montreal*



A wreath marks the trail leading to the site of the B.C. swastika that killed seven teens

Welcoming the risks

Deliberately losing someone in an accident, particularly a child, can be heart-rending, but look around you at all the risks that are taken on a daily basis ("How safe is the school course?," *Ingody*, Feb. 17). It would be a sad day if we stopped people from living and achieving. My school, Dawson District Secondary, also suffered a loss this year—an old friend of mine. Chris Barmann was killed in the age of 16 by a brain aneurysm. I have known grief, but still believe that, especially in our youth, unless the risks are unacceptable, we should take risk and live.

—*Andrew Gifford, Uxbridge, Ont.*

Flag found

I think I can help clarify what happened to the first Canadian "hand-sewn, single-leaf flag" during the night of Nov. 6, 1964 ("What could have stood on ground for Canada?," *Books/Closing Notes*, Feb. 17). I was the director of the Canadian Government Exhibition Commission, charged by then prime minister Lester B. Pearson to do a long and arduous political debut by producing a prototype maple leaf flag and delivering it to 24 Sussex Drive. He would view it flying in the morning and decide if the world took that design to Parliament. This meant a hard revision of design drawings, reworking about 15 a day. By graphic artist Jacques-Sauvé, to complete an 11-point maple leaf, which he and I had agreed was better than a 13-point version he had worked on the previous day. This version was the last minute support of the only other person

present—John Matheson, the MP who was the prime minister's closest representative during the flag debate. About 10 p.m., we proceeded to the commission's all-night shop where a satisfactory prototype flag was printed by Jean Desrosiers and John Williams as the third attempt. This was the only flag completed with stitching by Jean O'Malley to take a tangle and halved. It was delivered to the prime minister's residence about 2 a.m. on Nov. 7, approved by the morning, and kept under by the prime minister or himself. One of the two stitched flags was presented to John Matheson, and presently to the one now at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont. The third disappeared and while I know who probably took it, and individual is now deceased and it was, in any case, a faulty discard.

—*Patrick Field, Vancouver*

Birthing babies

Thank you to Rhonda Church and other family physicians who continue to deliver babies despite the horrendous cost of malpractice insurance ("My baby's rewards," *Over to You*, Feb. 17). This is tremendously important—and appreciated—in rural communities. My baby was delivered in my small rural town by one such GP, giving my husband and me the gift of being able to share the event almost immediately with family and friends. That was 1997. Now, however, one of the family physicians in Ashcroft delivers babies, meaning that all births are handled at least once in Karamuk.

—*Barbara Bodin, Ashcroft, B.C.*



Geoffrey Darby
Humber College, 1996
President
Production and Design
Creative Media Inc.
Category: Creative Arts and Design



Martin Rayer
Centennial College, 1984
Liquor
Wholesale, Slesco Inc.
Category: Retail



Kevin Nlag
George Brown College, 2002
Public Affairs Coordinator
Nater
Category: Social Services



Nancy Neffile
McMaster College, 1988
Associate Professor
Department of Pathology and Molecular
Medicine, McMaster University and
Director of Transfusion Medicine Clinic
Category: Health Sciences



Gary and Joanne McGuffin
Seneca College, 1981
Environmental Activity/Initiatives
Category: Community Services



Wayne Brecklebach
Sheridan College, 1981
Senior Project Analyst
Software Services and Quality Assurance
Ontario Construction Safety Association
Category: Technology

Ontario College Graduates Honoured by Province

Special Feature: A Province Recognizes

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THEWEEK



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A John Martin. Defends budget with fuzzy facts and billions in commitments for future governments. A little something for everyone, even future leadership candidate Paul Martin. Here, Paul, your very own alibi.

V Bernard Landry. Calls Martin's guest piece only one of the Quebec national's. Cheap politics, but love not war: electronic just a point. Broadcast council ruling feeds Quebec more permissive. Nudity OK in lobby-free TV movies—a change from national standards.

V Margie Klar. Says separation not on his agenda but want spouse just the same. Steven looks for Kyoto health care, gun regulations—and lack of ring TV events before his bedtime.

A Alberta shing players. Robt from St. Albert high school also reinvented hockey game after 70 hours and 50 minutes. Cheap drive gets a glory to adults from hockey. Showned Park, who'd just set world record with an 18-hour game. Both players could lack for career records.

V Krist Zundel. U.S. sports network broadcast dinner back into our discourse. He wants refugee status, but does it all his religious history may be in order. Zundel? Never lived here. Never heard of him. What he product of Finnish citizenship.

Medicine | A girl's heart and lung transplant goes horribly wrong

From the beginning, the odds against her survival were very, very long. She was born in small-town Mexico with a rare heart deformity, and it was clear from an early age that Jesus Santillan, now 17, would some day require the ultimate measure—a heart-lung transplant. To better her chances, she moved to Kentucky to live with relatives. She spent three years on a waiting list, 88,000 names strong. At 4:00 p.m. U.S. time, she died of pneumonia. But the biggest hurdle was that she was such a tiny girl, barely 80 lb., the needed that mass of gifts—a child's organs. When a set was available, the transplantable happened: the doctors transplanted organs that were incompatible with Santillan's blood

type. Somehow, at prestigious Duke University Hospital in North Carolina, someone had failed to double-check, and Santillan was at death's door.

Thirteen days later, she received a second transplant, using another rare set of children's organs that might have gone elsewhere, highlighting the generosity of the U.S. system and the roll-of-the-dice game that is transplant medicine. The prognosis was not good. After numerous who will have been damaged from her stint as life support. But she is a fighter who rallied the spirits of caregivers, even as her experience showed how transplants, which these days appear commonplace, can never be taken for granted.

Jesus and her mother, Magdalena, Duke's medical, said CEO Dr. William Fullerton (below)



Quote of the week | 'If birds, with the brains they have, feed their young in the morning, how is it that there are still people who don't feed their children?'

Quebec Premier BERNARD LANDRY

WEEKLY NEWSWORTH: MARCH 11, 2005

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INFERNO At least 124 people died in a hellish scene in the South-African city of Tanga, when a 50-year-old man with a history of mental illness took a milk carton full of fuel from his truck, lit it, and tossed it into a subway train after a fight with fellow passengers. The resulting explosion ignited seat fabric and floor tiles on the up-car train, and the fire jumped to another train exiting the station on the opposite track. At least 150 others were injured, many of them critically. The man survived; he told police he wanted to commit suicide but not die alone.

WORLD

QUIR DISASTERS At least 95 people died and 160 were injured when fire swept through a Rhodes nightclub following a heavy metal band's pyrotechnic display. The club had no sprinkler system because it was deemed too small to require one.

Earlier in the week, 21 people were trampled to death in a Chicago nightclub after bouncers used pepper spray to break up a fight and dancing patrons found all but one exit locked.

MIDDLE EAST Israeli troops with a phalanx of 40 tanks moved into Gaza City, killing 11 Palestinians and blowing up vehicles used to supply Hamas militants with rockets and other munitions. The firing, part of a week-long operation that left 31 Palestinians dead, followed an attack that destroyed an Israeli tank, killing four soldiers. Israel effectively cut off the coastal Gaza Strip but lifted a blockade that had left thousands of Palestinians without work and prompted Pal-

estine officials to demand to make a formal request for international aid.

AIDS Africa's AIDS epidemic is much more the result of careless needle-sharing and unsterilized vaccination programs than sexual transmission, an international group of researchers said. Their study of the spread of AIDS in Africa over the last 20 years contradicts World Health Organization assessments it says that less than 30 percent of the cases were sexually transmitted.

CRIME Thieves cleaned out 123 of the 160 museum-security vaults in the Aeneas/Diamond Center in what some are calling the biggest heist ever in the area, costing capital. Police have not estimated the value of the loss. The weekend break-in was undisturbed for two days.

Six of Germany's biggest corporate executives, reportedly including a Deutsche Bank executive and a top union leader, have been indicted for their roles in a corporate takeover by British cellphone company Vodafone three

years ago. The breach of trust charges revolve around questionable payments to managers and supervisory board members who had been blocking the takeover.

TRAFFIC London's great anti-traffic expense may be working better than any other city's. Or not. About 60,000 drivers a day crowded the central London zone during the first two days—rather than pay the £5 (\$12) daily charge. At that rate it will take longer than expected to recoup the cost of installing \$500 traffic cameras and the system for car-free day payments. There could also be less profit to invest in public transportation.

FRANCE Having angered the U.S. by challenging its war against Iraq, French President Jacques Chirac took a hit from some of his European allies for welcoming Zimbabwean strongman Robert Mugabe to a Franco-African summit in Paris. The European Union had canceled its planned April heads-of-government meeting in Africa to show its displeasure with human rights

under the Mugabe regime. British colonialism called Chirac a "worn" and a "jerk."

THAILAND A three-week crackdown named Thai authorities no longer of black-market narcotics and resulted in more than 600 deaths. Most killings were attributed to reportedly gang-run bar brawls; night-club groups also blamed overzealous police.

HEALTH A comprehensive study concluded that the common cold, measles and rubella vaccine for children does not interfere with the immune system to make children more susceptible to infections and asthma, as some parents have feared.

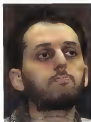
British doctors have developed a new way of finding much smaller breast tumors, a technique that will aid breast cancer detection in earlier stages and as a way to screen women.

CANADA

SHENNY Party friends, whose families were touched by cancer, took to have found that way was the Guinness Book of Records by playing the world's longest outdoor hockey game—90 hours straight in a Sherwood Park arena just east of Edmonton. In the process they raised more than \$40,000 for cancer research and also spread a message of family.

Opposition critics were after future Liberal leader Paul Martin for his ownership of Canada Steamship Lines—held in a blind management trust—after it was revealed he has been repeatedly briefed on company business, including a CSL arrangement with one of the deposed Indonesian strongmen Suharto.

BY AIRLINE



than the stated 10-minute break to clear an overnight snowfall. The students also noted money for school and their school, and they would more than 1,200 goals.

POUNCE Robert Ghis, the 29-year-old son of the late P.E.I. premier Joe Ghis, quit his job in the Prime Minister's Office to seek the leadership of the P.E.I. Liberals.

Opposition critics were after future Liberal leader Paul Martin for his ownership of Canada Steamship Lines—held in a blind management trust—after it was revealed he has been repeatedly briefed on company business, including a CSL arrangement with one of the deposed Indonesian strongmen Suharto.

TERRORISM Mourir El-Masraoui, 35, a Moroccan student arrested in a middle-class family, was convicted in a Hamburg court of helping lead-hacker Mohamed Atta and two other suicide pilots in the Sept. 11 attacks on the U.S. El-Masraoui maintained he was innocent of the plot, but was sentenced to the maximum 15 years under German law as an accessory to the murder of 3,000 people. The five-judge panel concluded he was closely involved with the Hamburg-based al-Qaeda cell that carried out the attacks and that he helped pay the group's rent, food and utility bills, allowing the plotters to maintain the appearance of being students. He was the first conviction to stem from the attacks, and the trial revealed a lot about al-Qaeda's structure and code words.

BUDGETING British Columbia is forecasting a \$2.3-billion deficit for the coming year, and predicts it will be in the black by March 2008, but only if government employees agree to no-wage increases.

Saskatchewan re-augmented the manner responsible for Spedon and its seven-year experiment in operating power station facilities cost the province \$28 million.

JUSTICE Twelve years after 17-year-old Neil Storch died in a fraternal fight in a fraternal field outside Saskatoon, a judicial inquiry will provide "a public airing" into police actions involving the Crown case on the day he died. Saskatchewan Justice Minister Eric Clarke said RCMP earlier investigated two Saskatoon officers about Storch's death but did not evidence to warrant charges.

A St. John's, Nfld., man who killed his friend's mother and was charged with the other case went to prison pending guilty to the 1991 murder. Greg Parsons was formerly accused of his mother's murder in 1940 after DNA tests exonerated him. His former friend Brian Doyle, 33, now must serve 18 years in prison before he can apply for parole.

BUSINESS Power Corp. founder Paul Desmarais looks to have ousted Manulife's Dominic D'Amico with a blowout \$7.3-billion offer for Canada Life Financial Corp. If successful, that would make Power Corp.'s Great West Life the country's largest insurance company. Speculation continues that both Desmarais and D'Amico are seeking to partner with a major bank.

Mansbridge on the Record



PARLIAMENT, REVISITED

It's the House of Commons Show—and here's what you never see of it on TV

HOW OFTEN do you watch the proceedings of the House of Commons on television? Be honest. Once a week? Once a month? Once a year? Have you ever watched the House on TV? No, it's not missing—it's the business of Canada and you pay for it, so you might want to tune in once in a while to see what you're getting for your dollar.

Question Period is still the feature presentation, as it has been for the 23 years that proceedings have been televised. From the early days, when Pierre Trudeau used to playfully debate an aging but still agile John Diefenbaker, through the Sheila Copps to John Crosbie battles over the use of the word "baby," to today's multi-party mosaic, somehow, this little piece of political theatre still fits into a 45-minute timetable.

I was in Ottawa last week, and decided to catch this show in person. TV forgets just how different the real-life version is compared to the televised product, where you only see and hear those speaking, and you're left assuming that everyone else is paying close attention. Wrong, from above the chamber floor in the press gallery, you get a great view of all the action—but unless you're wearing a headset, you can't hear a word for all the beeping and clatter of these wheezing little pieces of the camera. Occasionally, the place gets around an interview, usually when someone gets off a particularly good line. That's what Joe Clark did when he challenged the Prime Minister on possible conflict of interest by his cabinet. "Will the Prime Minister publish a list of other ministers, past, present, or in Denmark, who made use of this extraordinary provision?"

The Denmark reference got a big laugh—even some liberals were sniggering. It was a gag-as-witold that at Canada's ambassador to Denmark, Massimo Giallombardo, who slipped out of cabinet last year with the opposition at his back over patronage allegations.

But when seconds the chatter had begun again. Watching on television, unless the impression that the place is steeped in history, while being there makes you realize just how high-tech it's become. For example, many MPs find they have to be inside the chamber to see their constituents any more, but have better things to do than follow the proceedings. So they bring their BlackBerry—industry Minister Alton Jones barely took a break from his little personal communication device throughout the session. Most of the questions he was getting were coming by e-mail, and his chambers were working overtime to answer them all.

Then there's the equivalent of Alex Trebek for all this—the Speaker. We're talking across high-tech for Peter Milliken. Hidden from the cameras, but visible from my position in the gallery above him, was a flat-screen monitor built into a box in front of the Speaker's towering oak chair. On the screen, various camera angles show the action in front of him. There's also something that, perhaps the real star of Question Period is considered the clock that whisks you down from 35 seconds every time a new question or answer begins. The idea is to keep things moving and give as many MPs as possible a chance to get in on the action. If this was basketball, he'd call it the 35-second shot clock.

What never became clear to me was what happens if someone goes over 35 seconds. It was pretty clear a few times—you could see Milliken getting twitchy as the 35 seconds ticked down near zero. There were a few bylaws near his answer, and I kept wondering when was one he'd push to first some poor MP onto the microphone either or the went past the 35 mark. But that never happened. The bad news is that his gambit they could use to boost those daily ratings. Reality TV is no real Joe Milliken.

Peter Mansbridge is a Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and brother of the Redhead. To comment, e-mail me at pm@shaw.ca.

Passages

REPORTED: German-born Holocaust denier Ernst Zündel was in custody at a Toronto, Ont., detention centre after being deported from the U.S. for failing to attend a judge's extradition hearing. Zündel, 65, has applied for refugee status in Canada, stating that if he returns to Germany he will face possible imprisonment for disseminating hate literature. Zündel lived in Toronto for over 40 years and had permanent residency status before moving to Knoxville, Tenn., in 2000.



DEAD: British set and costume designer Tanya Makeloff, who was one of the 20th century's greatest costume artists. She worked with many costumes, including New York City's Metropolitan Opera and the Liverpool Old Vic. In 1953, she created the Stratford Festival of Canada's three-act play, which has been copied around the world. Makeloff, 88, died in her sleep at her London home.

DEAD: Johnny Paycheck died today at his home with the law, including a two-year stint in jail for the 1971 shooting of a man. But the Ohio-born musician is best known for his 1977 song, "Take This Job and Shove It." Paycheck, 64, who suffered from emphysema, died in a Nashville, Tenn., nursing home.

DAMAGED: After undergoing a surgical procedure last week, Albert L.G. Goss, 60, who announced the first cancer in her abdomen and will undergo aggressive chemotherapy. Goss, 60, announced the first cancer in her abdomen, was told by her doctor that the prognosis is good.

DEAD: Johnny Longden, one of the greatest jockeys of all time, was two years old when he family moved from England to Tibet. In 1943, he was the Triple Crown aboard Count Fleet and he retired in 1966 as the first jockey to win 6,000 race horses, 90, died in his Basking, Calif., home.

SUSPECTED: The single, long-haired Xanthopoulos was behind the 1998 murder of Steve Beckler, a Baltimore Orioles pitcher. Beckler, 33, was training when his supervisor was shot to death, leaving multi-organ failure.



Disaster | Deep-freeze

Berry Ridge took one look at the main floor in by the three inches of water in her house and proclaimed she wasn't leaving back and said it was all gone. "There was water going every which way," says Ridge, 64, one of the many Berry Ridge residents who fled the central Newfoundland town (pop. 1,200) on Feb. 15 as water began to pour through its every crack and crevice. "Life in Berry Ridge is not easy," she says, "but this is nightmare."

The town began when three rivers that meet on the outskirts of town poured with ice and flooded their banks. "It was real quick," says Joe Roberts, retired farmer and town spokesman. "I went for my walk at 7:30 that morning and everything was fine. By 8:30 they were raising the alarm. Our lady stepped out of bed right into a big puddle."

The chunks of ice flowing through the

streets damaged homes and vehicles as the water got higher (up to one meter in some areas), crushing cars and the ground floors of many to half the town's 400 houses. Then the temperature dropped to -30°C, freezing everything solid. Some residents took shelter with friends or family while most bedded down in the local emergency and what used to be a transient house.

Later, while they took stock of the damage, local officials tried to figure out how the flood happened in the first place. Some wonder whether frozen gas from Alberta Consolidated Ltd. opened the Red Indian Lake Dam 56 km southwest of Badger. Alberta uses this dam to control water levels for hydroelectric production and as a paper mill in nearby Grand Falls-Woodville. Alberta says it did, in fact, release some dam water the previous night but both it and the Newfoundland government ministry said the amounts were

small and so small as to have caused a flood of that magnitude.

Damage will certainly be in the millions of dollars, but there can be no accurate estimate until the ice completely thaws and the flood recedes by week's end, the waters appear to be doing just that as temperatures rise somewhat. Meanwhile, donations of food, clothing, and cash—up to \$370,000 so far—poured in from around the country and from the U.S. as well. "There will be money to help the townsfolk when they return to their homes, the Canadian Red Cross says. But that won't be any time soon, says Roberts. "It'll take about a month or so before anyone can really call it home again."

MICHAEL SMITH

INVASION DELAYED?

Canada weighs in with a proposal that could finally end the bitter United Nations dispute

SOME OF THE WOMEN in flowing black chador, filling canvas bags with flour and coffee powder at a Baghdad grocery store last week, purchased so much they needed what few men to haul the food home. Saddam Hussein had warned the Iraq people that war with the "evil aggressor" is real, but such grimacing may be premature. George W. Bush's plan to drive Saddam from Iraq has begged down at the United Nations, in the face of massive anti-war demonstrations and opposition from France and Russia, two Security Council members that could use a veto to override any motion authorizing war to remove Saddam.

Chief UN weapons inspector Hans Blix is expected to deliver a report to the world body on March 7, to be followed by speech or debate over whether inspectors need more time to determine if Saddam possesses nuclear, chemical or biological weapons. In a bid to speed up the process, the U.S. and Britain are expected to submit a new resolution to the Security Council this week. It will be blunt, stipulating that Iraq is in "further material breach" of Security Council Resolution 1441, which calls on it to disarm or face serious consequences, possibly including the use of military force. But Britain and France notwithstanding, the U.S. has failed to convince the majority of countries on the 15 nation Security Council to support a second resolution. To bridge the deepening division within the UN, Canada has put forward a proposal that a firm deadline be established, making it clear that Saddam must comply with UN demands to disarm, possibly by mid-April, or Resolution 1441 would take effect. If accepted, Foreign Affairs Minister Bill Graham told *Maclean's*, the proposal could lead to a consensus. "Saddam would be forced into recognizing that he can't fool around if we had clearer guidelines," Graham said. "Everyone would know where we're headed."

In addition to firing stiff opposition in the UN, the U.S. has been slowed by Turkey, which is seeking \$45.50 billion in financial aid in exchange for allowing more U.S. troops into the country. The two nations are getting closer to an agreement, but without Turkey's co-operation, any attack against Baghdad from the north would have to be scaled back. The U.S. may still choose to move unilaterally, but the protracted debate in the UN has given Saddam breathing space even as he has been besieged by worldwide anti-war demonstrations. But with more than 150,000 U.S. and British troops already in the Gulf region, Washington's attention seems close—and Bush and proteins will not deliver him. "Some in the world," he said, "don't view Saddam as a risk to peace. I respectfully disagree."



'Saddam would be forced into recognizing that he can't fool around if we had clearer guidelines'

Graham (above) wants Saddam to realize that he must finally disarm



IGNORING THE NOISY STREET

Believing that the risk of leaving Saddam in power is the greater of evils, Bush is determined to press ahead, writes DAVID M. SHRIBMAN

THE UNITED NATIONS isn't quite sure. Some of the United States' closest friends are uneasy. Last week, two new Democratic senators the 2004 presidential race with no possibility of defeat. And in London, Rome, Athens, Moscow and elsewhere the protesters made their point: George W. Bush may be ready, willing and eager to go to war—but many others are not.

No matter. The President and his advisers, distracted by new terrorism alerts and a midwinter storm that closed down Washington, brushed aside the worldwide protests like so many annoying flies of snow. The mobilization in the Middle East goes on, the strategy remains in the Pentagon command, the drumbeat to war is pounded every day. Bush went so far as to argue that he would no longer be swayed by protests in the streets than he would by a voter focus group.

That reflects two angles hard word into Bush. The first is to pay little mind to protests, he has said many times that his colleagues still "able was undisturbed by the fiery demonstrations breaking out on the Connecticut campus, and across the nation, in the Vietnam years. The second is to see himself as the steady defender of American security—no matter the threat, no matter the cost, no matter the opposition.

Even so, the extent, time and passion of the protests unsettled many Americans, who themselves aren't fully persuaded that an American-led invasion of Iraq is necessary, prudent, or warranted. "We still don't know whether Saddam Hussein is an immediate danger to the United States and if we will be safer if we go ahead and attack him," says

Cynthia Shannon, a teacher in Garza Mills, Ohio, just outside Cleveland. "When I hear that these protests are anti-American, I laugh. Some Americans feel this way, too."

Many do. Public opinion polls show that Secretary of State Colin Powell's efforts to get the evidence against Saddam Hussein passed a majority of Americans of the value of the war of U.S. policy. But a substantial number—perhaps a third—have doubts. Large numbers believe the U.S. needs to win global support before launching an attack according to a study by the Pew Research Center, many more Americans believe that the war will be lengthy than was the case a dozen years ago, before the first Gulf War began.

Most Washington insiders believe there are a few more miles to the diplomatic road before Bush & Co. give the final word on invading American troops to combat in the desert expanses of Iraq, where still the cities of Iraq. The Bush administration has spent too much time studying the "Arab street" since Sept. 11, 2001, to ignore the European and Canadian streets or even the Australian street. That's why Bush's remarks denouncing the protests had the air of someone who, well, protests too much.

In truth, Bush knows he can go to war without his allies, but that his own position would be weakened. The world's people do cheer at home and in the streets abroad. Even if the President has reached his own verdict—and there is every reason to believe he has—White House officials took the protests of February to be symbolic of how much the rest of the world may need to be convinced of the American case.

The American public anchors its judgments on foreign policy very quickly and the public decided after 9/11 it would support

Protesters in London (above) and Tel Aviv on Feb. 25 told the President to back down

retaliatory measures—as long as there were allies along with us, support of the United Nations and support of Congress,” says Marwan Issawi, who studies a course on foreign policy, the news and public opinion at Harvard’s Kennedy School of Government. “The protests notwithstanding, the Bush administration feels it has most of that.”

Team Bush still has some explaining to do, however, about the President’s stop at his anti-Iraq rhetoric, but with an eye toward explaining, rather than convincing. And though the clearest of targets is the important in matters military, Bush almost certainly cannot embark on hostilities without a major speech to the American people—and, of course, to the world—setting forward one more time his rationale for war.

But the protesters who descended upon the streets of five continents this month may not be able to say they were only heard, no matter who Bush says. It is not only possible that the anti-war chants will accelerate Bush’s drive to war, not stall it. The American administration, fully confident of its prospects against Iraq’s army and air force, believes it will be judged on its military strategy and war crimes, not on its diplomatic gestures on the way to war. The irony of the mid-war protests may be that they persuade Bush to move quickly—before the war movement goes even stronger. ■

Barbara Shuman, a Pulitzer Prize winner and longtime Washington correspondent, is a frequent contributor to *TIME*’s.



Bush sees himself as the steady defender of America’s security—no matter the cost

BACKSTAGE IN TEHRAN

Canadian actress STAVROULA LOGOTHETTIS visits another part of George W. Bush’s ‘axis of evil’

Since the overthrow of the Shah of Iran in 1979, Iran has been governed by a fundamentalist Islamic regime. After years of oppressive rule, people are chafing for change, but massive street protests have failed to dethrone the ruler of the ruling clerics. Women must keep their heads covered in public and blasphemy can bring a death sentence. As war clouds gathered over neighboring Iraq, Stavroula Logothettis, who had a supporting role in the hit movie *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*, found Iran with a Toronto theatre company. She found army in this country of 70 million—part of George W. Bush’s axis of evil—along with Iraq and North Korea—somewhere between devotion to Islam and an intense longing for freedom.

IT’S LATE JANUARY and we’re making our way toward Gate 31 at Landan’s Mehriz Airport. I’m carrying the papers and good wishes of my friends and family, and I’m carrying a bag full of clothes, books and green henna. I’m one of nine actors on Toronto’s Muslim Times Stage Co. on our way to Iran. Company artistic director Sally Perna, who had Iran for Canada in 1982, and his business partner, Peter Partridge, have asked me to play Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare’s *Macbeth* in tragedy at the International Fada Theatre Festival in Tehran. The main mission of Iran was any Greek relatives to their Orthodox churches to light candles and pray, hoping that I’d come to my senses and stay home. They accused me of being naive about the dangers of war in neighbouring Iraq. My husband headed me a protest from a Canadian government Web site warning that foreigners had been kidnapped in south east Iran, and then moved along the country’s border with Iraq, Afghanistan and Pakistan is increasingly dangerous. “Don’t forget to wear your head scarf,” warned my mother before I left. “They’ll kill you if you don’t.”

Standing at the Iranian desk in, I look at the other women waiting to board. Some wear the traditional hijab—head scarf—and

others the chador, a floor-length black cloth draped over their heads. I ask one of them when I and the other women in the company—Yasmina Ramezani and Ashleigh Hensley—should put on hijabs. An elderly Iranian man steps forward and tells me, immediately. The woman, with a flash of her fiery eyes and a fly of her hand, shows him away. The man turns back to me with a big, apologetic smile. “It’s not that bad, you know,” he says. “We are not as easy as Western people say we are—you’ll see.”

Time to board and the hijabs go on. I’m amazed by how horrible the scarf makes me feel, as if my head has been taken away, my spirit bound. To escape these feelings of oppression, I’m told some women defy religious authority by wearing the hijab loosely as a bit of hair peeking out, others dip an earring to show off candy-apple red earrings, or put on makeup using colour that would condemn a prostitute. “Restraint,” observes Andrew Dufau, our stage manager, “is the only creativity.”

On our first morning in Tehran, the company meets in the hotel lobby with our government-authorized guide. I try to greet him with a handshake, but Iran Karamali, a Canadian actor who has also made the trip, quickly intercepts me. “Hugs,” Karamali says, “remember, no touching.” The guide says that because of the Internet, most Iranians, especially younger men, know more about the West than the other way around. “The West represents a form of freedom to them,” he says. “However, they are very cautious of this freedom and the cost it could have on culture and traditional family values.”

“We don’t want the West to fight our battles like they propose in Iraq. Change will come—and it will come with a scream.”



Logothettis (center) with Hensley (left) and Ramezani in the mountains north of Tehran

Look about the revolution that toppled the U.S.-backed Shah and put power in the hands of the hard-line mullahs. He seems uncomfortable. “People are very tired of fighting,” he says. “Although history we are not happy with the present system, they also don’t believe that life before the revolution was good either. So what do we do? We have our cultural traditions. Through theatre, art and film, we can slowly bring about change.”

But some Iranian women are not quite bold. As we watch a performance one evening, a young woman asks Mark Ellis, one of the Canadian actors, “Did I married [he is], where his wife is [Tehran] and whether he loves her [he does]. Mark is a comfortable when the idea of the audience’s friends, then whips in her hand, “I love you.” The woman says she wants to marry a foreigner, and Mark subsequently introduced her to another of the cast members. Unintentioned, she asks Mark to meet her later, as a woman he declines. In the end, she shakes his hand goodbye—and her ex-ample of defiance.

While women are forbidden to do anything that might attract men in public, certain signs of “celebrance” are increasingly per-

mitted. One production from Turkey features women dancing and singing on stage (for the record, that kind of behaviour is also outlawed). In a clever trick, a Turkish actress removes her head to expose her. It’s only a wig—but her hair has been covered, but the audience still draws an audible, anxious breath. During an Indian production about respect for women and knowing one’s place in society, several young women remember with ease—and not just by accident—when they are tired of religious rhetoric. “They have had enough,” he adds. “They want to hear from other voices.”

Our performances are sold out and go extremely well. People bang on the doors to be allowed inside and on doing night, many of the audience members come in wearing roomy white pants, ironic caresses and chador. One woman in her 20s, returning on the portrayal of tyranny and indiscriminate death in our play, says a parallel with Iran. “Macbeth,” she says, “is our life.” She practices a poem she wrote and asks me to read it. It is about a flower that grows

at night, and I have difficulty holding back tears. She hugs me, and kisses both my cheeks. “You understand?” she asks.

While we theatre musicians decide to leave the country and leave Tehran for France, the former arena capital of Iran, and Tehran, a modern, cosmopolitan city. We have been warned that once we leave Tehran, our lives and moral conduct will be even more closely watched. Fortunately, it hasn’t taken me long to get used to wearing the hijab. (During an on-stage rehearsal, after Sabot had said we could take our own, Yasmina and Ashleigh had told them that I haven’t—only enough, looking exposed and reluctant to remove it in the presence of my male colleagues.)

Our next guide for this part of the trip had no government ties. He is in his 40s, and the only person who will openly speak to me about the power the mullahs wield. “People have the present government,” he says. “We thought there would be no change, but instead have poverty, corruption and oppression.” I ask what he thinks the solution may be. “We need the outside world to know the truth of our situation and to not be afraid of us,” he says. “We don’t want the West to fight our battles like they propose to do with Iraq. Change will come—and it will come with a scream.”

While most of the trip is on the road during our 12 days in Iran, we currently have, I will discover later, a few major trouble spots. In Tehran, the day before we leave, a middle-aged man shows something, or in Iran and defiance points to the secret anti-Iraqi (the word “Perni”) in us—a flag that is a long time, no years. The war against police have been a means for us at our best, however, in some of our groups. They stare openly, taking long, suggestive glances of their eyes—like open to acknowledge me. Locals want me to be careful of what I say when they read lips. Helping them are soldiers in uniform (some even stand behind us during the festival to ensure drop on our conversations).

On the plane home, I remember a family I met in Tehran. The daughter’s family had me. “Tell them we have families,” she begged me. “We don’t walk around with guns and bombs in our pockets.” My eyes well up. It may be mine, but I want a lot and just work for everyone. And I want Iran and her people to be safe from bombs, and like—and Western radio coverage. ■

JUST SAY 'YES'

Legalizing marijuana would actually be safer for kids than decriminalization, writes BRIAN BERGMAN

FIRST, the obligatory full disclosure: Like most boomers, I did, in my youth, take (occasionally) in the intervening years—in '97 now, thanks for asking—I live, on rare occasions, take a tok or two, though today's far more potent pot holds no appeal for me. In fact, there is little doubt that some current strains of marijuana are far cruder than the mellow standard of yesteryear which, if necessary serves, induced by its more than the giggles, the manches and a heightened appreciation of (often very bad) jokes.

That said, I think a strong case can be made that it's time for Canada to legalize the possession of cannabis and legalize its production and distribution in a manner similar to alcohol. I've also commented that federal Justice Minister Martin Cauchon's preferred approach—a fine-and-recreational model for possession of small amounts of cannabis, while keeping sale and production illegal—is perhaps the worst, and certainly the most hypocritical, option of all.

I say "perhaps" the worst because surely nothing could cause *de status quo*. Of itself, possession of cannabis is a crime and first-time offenders face a maximum sentence of a \$1,000 fine or six months in jail, or both (penalties for producing or selling are much stiffer). Unofficially, the law is wobbler. In minor cases, lower court judges in two cases have quashed charges against both recreational users and those who smoke pot for medical reasons, ruling that current statutes are, in effect, null and void. In December, the Supreme Court of Canada postponed for several months a widely anticipated constitutional challenge against Canada's cannabis laws. The justices coming down from Ottawa. On the one hand, Justice Department lawyers had filed court submissions linking marijuana to everything from drug addiction to cancer. On the other, the lawyers' ultimate boss, Cauchon, had just said his intention to change the law to treat possession of this allegedly

harmless substance as no more serious than, say, a parking violation.

Many of the government's legal woes are due to its ill-fated response to those who smoke marijuana to relieve symptoms of epilepsy, multiple sclerosis and other debilitating conditions. After a series of court challenges, Ottawa finally agreed in July 2001 to provide a special certificate for medical users. That instead of changing the law, it did so through cabinet decree and regulation is a fact defense lawyers for recreational smokers have since exploited to successfully argue that the pre-existing legislation is invalid. Moreover, Ottawa has so far failed to provide those who smoke marijuana for therapeutic reasons with a safe and steady supply, often forcing them to find it on the street. In the case of a lawsuit brought by nine medical users, that stark reality prompted Ontario Superior Court Judge Sidney Lederman, in late January this (Ottawa's) regulations violated the patients' constitutional rights to life, liberty and security of person. "Consent with criminal-law dealers," observed Lederman, "makes me as a relatively risky means of obtaining substances."

A similar conclusion will face recreational users of and when decriminalization becomes law. Possession and smoking cannabis will become quasi legal (as don't), after all, think of parking officials (as criminals) but those willing to indulge will have to either grow their own (which will remain illegal) or rely on criminal drug traffickers. Where is the logic in that?

A more sensible approach was laid out in detail by a recent Senate special committee on illegal drugs. Released during the days of last summer, the committee's 666-page report recommends legalizing marijuana, but it didn't get nearly the attention it deserved. What was there to be so derivative, with critics citing the report as further evidence of a more Senate body out of touch with reality? That's a pity. Because the five core members of the committee—con-



sidering of a lawyer, a petroleum executive, an insurance broker, an editor and a professional politician, ages 53 to 73—delivered a dispassionate and clear-eyed summary of the medical, legal and ethical issues revolving around cannabis use.

Reviewing various studies and expert testimony, the senators conclude that marijuana is actually less habit-forming than alcohol or cigarettes. Physical and psychological addiction is rare, they say, and the theory that pot acts as a "gateway" to harder drugs has been widely debunked. At the same time, the senators acknowledge that much of today's marijuana is more potent than what was on the market 30 years ago. In its

natural state, cannabis contains between 0.5 per cent and three per cent tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), which is its psychoactive ingredient. But because of improved cultivation methods, the Senate report estimates the THC content is the average price now ranges between six per cent and 31 per cent. Canada has done its part in this particular green revolution, with high-grade B.C. bud being one of that province's premier cash crops.

Marijuana enthusiasts will tell you they deal with this phenomenon by inhaling smaller amounts of the strong stuff or seeking out milder brands—what some have dubbed "diesel pot." Perhaps. But for young,

unexperienced smokers, the lesson is clear: Bigger brown, this is not your Daddy's dope.

Some argue the new, improved pot demonstrates the need for continued criminal sanctions. The senators take a different view. Far better, they say, to take cannabis off the black market and out of the hands of organized

Much of today's marijuana is more potent than what was on the market 30 years ago. High-grade B.C. bud is a premier cash crop.

crime gangs, which profit mightily from the current situation. License its sale and regulate its production to ensure the THC content in illegal pot never exceeds 13 per cent and to screen out potentially harmful additives that can appear in street purchases. As a bonus, such an approach would generate revenues which, if directed, could be used for drug-abuse education.

The Senate report also provides some fascinating insight into marijuana consumption in Canada—and the failure of current laws to curb it. The committee estimates that about three million Canadians, ages 14 to 65, smoked pot at least once during the previous 12 months, and pegs the costs of trying to enforce Canada's pot laws at \$300 million annually. Yet only 20,000 people are arrested on cannabis possession charges each year. How many more billions of dollars, ask the senators, would it cost to truly enforce the law? And couldn't that money be better spent targeting the illicit trade in more dangerous drugs such as heroin and cocaine and funding overall drug use prevention and treatment programs?

Good questions. But don't expect Ottawa to embrace the Senate report anytime soon. When a House of Commons committee agreed with Cauchon in December that Canada should follow the lead of such countries as Switzerland and the Netherlands and decriminalize pot, George Bush's drug czar, John Walters, cried foul. Walters, director of Washington's National Drug Control Policy, said such a move posed "a danger as threat" to the health and security of Americans and produced chaos at the border. Just imagine the sound and fury that would ensue if Canada took the far bolder step of legalizing marijuana, which would require a complete withdrawing from, or standing in violation of, international drug conventions. Canada has signed!

I admit to having a vested interest in all this. I have two sons, soon to enter their teenage years. When it comes to marijuana—or any mind-altering drug—my ancient wish is that they will heed the sage advice of Nefiti Keegan and "just say no." Faking that, though, I'd like to think any experienced smoker they do could be made as safe as possible, from both a legal and health perspective. If anything else, it would mean one less anxious parent to run through my head as he or she wakes on Saturday nights, wondering what the heck they're up to. ■

'THEY LIKED THE ENERGY'

A pioneering rock 'n' roll DJ remembers Elvis, the Beatles—and some hot lyrics

THE WALLS of Red Robinson's Vancouver office are a photographic history of his long run as Vancouver's pre-eminent rock 'n' roll disc jockey—one of the first in North America. As a teen, he literally talked his way onto Vancouver radio station CJOB in 1954 by phoning in voice impressions. His after-school show earned raves and rebuffs for playing the black American pioneers of rock, and rhythm and blues, well before the likes of Bill Haley, Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly brought the beat to the white mainstream. Robinson, still going strong at 65, is among 80 DJs whose contribution to the music is recognized in a special exhibit at Cleveland's Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Now Red Rock DJer, a musical arbiter to Robinson's career, is in the midst of a 30-city Canadian tour. Vancouver: *Barry Chief*; Ken MoseQueen recently met Robinson in his home in his office.

You and Dick Clark are ageless. There's even a picture here of you two together, is rock 'n' roll good for the complexion?
[Laughs] I think it's good for the complexion [laughs]. I have a theory that rock 'n' roll either kills you young, or it creates enough energy to live on.

Tell us about your first job as a teen id.
I loved radio. It was something I embraced as a kid. They were playing things down

South at a station called KJR, rhythm and blues, and I liked it. But at the time and everything, we were still dancing to Glenn Miller, my mom and dad's music.

I'll never forget a disc jockey, Armistead Day, 1954. I went in the studio nervous as hell and I put on my first R&B record to kick off my own show—Marvin by The Four Tunes, a doo-wop song. I did the show from an old 150-seat theatre. After about three weeks they'd lose up for about 20 blacks to get in. You had to be there to understand it was simple. It was fresh. It was all new.

What were you playing?

Basically it was rhythm and blues. Initially, I'd go down to a record store and ask for, say, a Lloyd Price, and they would give it to me. I was known as the "under the counter" like I was buying pornography. As Canadians we got a little strong, saying we didn't have a racial problem. We did.

Vancouver was infused very white then and you were playing "race music."

What was the show?

They liked the raw nature. They liked the energy of the music. They liked to dance to all that early stuff. *Shake Rattle and Roll*, *Rock-A-Bye, Mamma*, that was all desirable music. There were problems though. I'd have adults phone me up and say "ting-ger-love."

Adults were threatened by it?

Yes. The other part of the show was that the lyrics were very 1950s, what is "one-eyed cat peeping in a window at noon"? That's a line out of *Shake Rattle and Roll*. "Think about it. Or 'feet real loose, like a long necked goose'? They're talking about a penis! The interesting thing was, we just said "Can we dance to it?" I don't think anybody was around analyzing the lyrics. That didn't come until the '60s.

Why did you decide to spin records rather than be an entertainer?

I didn't have any natural talent to play instruments but I always had a good ear. I opened a microphone and I played stories, word pictures, and got people excited about a product. A musical product. We were the laughter of the time. We were the paid paps of all of this.

When I started in 1954, there was only 12 of us all of North America playing rock 'n' roll. There it became so popular that whole amount were dedicated to rock, 24 hours a day. That was the birth of Top 40. Prior to that we could play anything we wanted. As long as the money came in, which generated the money, we were fine.

How many DJs these days can pick what they want?

Very, very few. Half the stuff is pre-record-



They all danced through here: notes Vancouver's Robinson, seen with (from left) Bill Haley, Elvis Presley, Little Richard and Buddy Holly



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ed. That's not radio. What scares me is that in twenty years today, I don't think youth gives a damn about radio, there's so many other things. The stations haven't realized they could get the kids involved. "We're gonna play 20 in a row" WML, who gives a damn? I've got a CD player, I don't need you.

These pictures are loaded with history. Did Haley, Daddy, Molly, Ritchie take me.
Oh, they all came through here.

Haley's Rock Around the Clock was the first national anthem of rock 'n' roll. You've got to understand the society and why it was so important for people like him and Elvis Presley to happen. It made black music acceptable to the masses.

In 1956, the first real rock 'n' roll concert in this town was held in the Karibade Arena. I entered that with Bill Haley and his Comets. Backstage I'm talking to Bill saying, "It must be great to be on top of the world." He said, "Well, we're finished. This young laddy'll eat"—He was like he was talking about, like Presley—"that guy looks like he can sing anything put in front of him. He's going to take the world by storm. We're going to be yesterday's news." And he was right on.

You introduced this, too.

Aug. 31, 1957 Empire Stadium. Outdoors. Twenty-five thousand people. It was fantastic. I was 20. He was 22. You've got to sit down, Bing Crosby, Sinatra, nobody could rent a stadium before Elvis.

I spent 5½ hours with him. He watched, young, single and what did we talk about? Cars. Girls. Football. He loved football. I loved football. We talked about guy things. He was really a down-to-earth man. What happened later, who knows? I think he didn't know who he was later.

Some thing happened to Marilyn Monroe. My wife makes a good observation. She doesn't think an Elvis or a Marilyn is ever meant to get old.

I'll say that about him. It will sound funny but I don't care. I never met a man that handsome. This guy was perfect.

How was the concert?

Lasted 22 minutes. The kids came down to the field and they didn't have enough security. Concerns like this were new. They sold no seats on the field. If the closest person to see this was 40 yards away, what are you going to do? It scared Elvis and the



Kids went for 'rock takes' like Fats Domino

other performers. The kids were out of control so they played just one more song, grabbed their instruments and tore the hell out of there. Same thing happened with the Beatles in '64.

I see their pictures on your wall.

That's John Lennon telling me to "f--- off." And I'm saying to the crowd, later, when down on the Beatles are going to leave the stadium. When I first went up on stage, I think it was Love Me Do they'd just finished playing "If I—off," he said, "Nobody interrupts a Beatles concert." I've got another shot where I'm looking over talking to John and he's saying "OK, man... carry on," because I'd said, "Beatles manager! Brian Epstein, he sent me up here."

What are you listening to now?

Away of things. I don't have Rock 'n' roll. No. 1, you. No. 2 I like Diana Krall. I like Macy Gray. My son introduced me about five years ago to Molly. I like Molly. Things that do something spiritually. When people are musical motifs it really passes me off. It appeals to me, it's good.

What do you think of kindness?

Obviously he's talking to a person, or a person of it. I'm not a pacifist. He's reflecting, sadly, what's going on in our society. The music reflects that—I don't think it's doing them to it. All the dirty, bad words? What the hell, I heard them on the school ground, didn't you?

How do you describe this musical about your life?

I shall discuss, all-time. It's like a eulogy, but as far as being a biography, it's not. But the music will have you dancing. It was so infectious then. It's infectious now.



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FIRST AMONG EQUALS

Sir John Bond's daring simplicity has made him one of the world's top bankers

The season's final Sir John Bond—was he now HSBC, one of the world's largest banks, with a debt and during lunch, reminiscent of his near-existence

JUST WHEN most of the world's major bankers are running for cover, HSBC, an amalgam of more than 189 operational banks, is busy expanding its existing network of 3,400 offices in 81 countries. With some US\$270 billion in assets, Bond is the prince of taking over (see US\$184 billion Household International Inc., a U.S. consumer financial services group that expanded last autumn from 36 million to nearly 90 million).

"We are one of the world's largest deposit providers," the 61-year-old Sir John told me last month during a rare interview at the bank's new London headquarters in Canary Wharf. The population is typical of the 15 major financial institutions HSBC has acquired since Bond, a 42-year veteran of the bank, became chairman in 1998. "We've expanded by acquisition, but we've grown almost entirely as a local bank," he said. "We bought a local bank in Brazil. We bought a local bank in Argentina. We bought a local bank in Mexico, bought a local bank in Egypt. And what we've done is connect them together by technology, by management, so bring them under one strong capital roof. So we have the strength that goes with being one of the world's major players in financial services, yet we have the personal touch that goes with being local so people don't feel they're just a number."

Consumer spending accounts for two-thirds of most economies around the world, which is why that's the area where Bond is expanding. "So put it rather crudely," he said last week, "it's not just cynical, 'the average westerner's life expectancy of a human being is 78 years while the life expectancy of the average company is only five years. So we meet with individuals when they're 15 and meet a student loan, and building trust that leads to a lifetime relationship, though

the mortgage phase, savings for retirement, retirement, and finally looking at how to dispose of their assets."

"Look," he continued, "we're pretty simple and straightforward about USBC. What we've learned from history is that there's very few original strategies in our business. It's all about execution. We don't want a lot of more thinking about what might happen, because we don't know. We plan ahead on very broad-brush strokes. We believe, for example, that in 25 years, NAFTA is going to be hugely more important economically than it is today, so we've been looking to increase our presence in Mexico, the U.S.A. and Canada."

The HSBC's Canadian operation was founded in 1980, took over the Bank of British Columbia five years later and now operates 160 offices in all provinces except P.E.I., runningside of \$5 billion. Martin Glynn, (active) Montreal-based CEO, was recently promoted into a key position with the bank's North American subsidiary, the continent's first truly transnational bank. Vancouver's Bill Dalton, one of Glynn's Canadian predecessors, who now heads the parent bank's personal financial services department, as well as being CEO of the HSBC's entire U.K. operation, has become a key Bond protégé, working hard in the entire operation. "Sir John," he told me, "is straight as an arrow and has set down unbreakable rules that nobody plays games at HSBC. We don't have time or energy for office politics. What you see is what you get, and what you've got is the world's fastest growing international bank, ruled by a turnaround maestro."

"We try to screen out people who are awaricious. If your sole motive in life is to be rich, this is not the place for you."

Bond ran the tone by taking the tube to work, flying economy, and working out of an understaffed office above the sea and luxury occupied by the once Canadian bank branch manager. Although he now works out of Canary Wharf, he remains a power in London's financial district, as a non-executive director of the Bank of England. (According to bank gossip, the only power higher than Sir John is George, his beloved bill center who accompanies him almost everywhere.)

The bank's roots in more than 160 separate operations around the world, and has so far contained problems. Few reach executive levels without a stint in the ill-governed external audit department, the bank's auditor. Despite the English lurch, Bond is very much the traditional Scottish banker. In fact, the HSBC's original prospectus states that it will operate on Scottish principles, even though it began life as The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Limited in 1865, and then in 1999, reflecting its global reach, switched its name to HSBC Group. Another sign of its Scottish roots is that the bank's rural executive training college is in Harpenden, north of London, helps pay for it typically being most of it to land to a forest.

The bank tends not to develop superstars among its employees, who are paid commensurately (money and bonus). Sir John earned \$4.3 million last year, a generous sum, and not, but, when compared to the heads of other large multinational banks whose compensation could be 10 times as much. "We try to recruit our people who are ambitious in the retirement process," Bond told me. "If your sole motive in life is to be rich, this is not the place for you."

At the end of our interview, when I asked Sir John to define the secret of HSBC's success, he replied, "It's being consistent. We don't turn the bank upside down every five years and have a revolution. We have long-term soundness of consistency on the staff side. The bank's top 15 people have 780 years of service, and most months, I'm coming up for 42 years. Now you can argue nobody would have me, and you may not be wrong, but here I am, and I think, in the world that has ahead of us, it's going to dawn on people that corporate character is very important." And so it is.

PETER C. HOEHMAN'S columns appear monthly (peter@hoehman.com).



GLIMPSEING THE BUSHMAN

When I came north, I chuckled at tales of a tall, hairy creature. Until I saw something.

I MOVED TO RAE LAKES, this small, isolated community in the Northwest Territories, almost three years ago as a teacher. In the pastures of the local population, I was a white man from Ottawa coming to live among the Aboriginals. In this case, it was a group of Aboriginals I had never heard of before—the Dogrib. At the time, I looked at myself as an anthropologist going to observe a unique and isolated culture.

When I arrived, I was awarded with a natural occurrence. I located in the stories of the elders and observed local events. In these early days, the story that stuck out most for me was the one about the Bushman.

According to the Dogrib people, the Bushman was tall, hairy creature who lurked in the bush ready to abduct anyone travelling alone. Those who have been taken are usually never seen again, and if they are, they are found near and mentally damaged. To an outsider, this story sounded a lot like a cross between a Sasquatch and a Native American's wendigo, but for the Dogrib it is something to be taken very seriously.

The Bushman story made me want to look into this old Aboriginal community by embracing all of its rituals. Upon the canoe launch, I attended the community feast and I went every time there was a drum dance. Participating in the rituals was easy enough and I took them in as one would take in the symbols of any unique tradition. Although I felt detached and out of place most of the time, I did find it interesting.

The difficult part was adjusting to the challenges of everyday life. Many of the people in our village only speak their native language, so the linguistic barrier was the first you had to overcome. Times of literacy and substance abuse could also be an obstacle. There were many times when I would forget that I was still in Canada. I lived in South Korea for a couple of years, and I found there was less culture shock living in that faraway Asian nation than in the far North of the country I had left behind. And then there was the long darkness. The

lack of sunlight crept up on you as the end of October and stayed until March. Although the phenomenon was fascinating, getting used to going without the dark provided very difficult at first. I soon began craving the daylight and the endless daylight that it brings.

It was when the daylight was beginning to disappear that I saw the Bushman. It was the middle of March and I was driving with my wife and a friend on the winter road (the route that is open about six weeks every year to bring in food and supplies). We were caught in a blizzard and our vehicle had disintegrated to nothing. We were stuck on the frozen, endless white of Foul Lake, halfway between Greville and Rae Edson (which means in the middle of nowhere). It was just a flash in the eye, I would have thought it was an illusion brought on by the snow, but the two other people with me saw it as well.

I recall nothing, nothing in my mind. The hair was long and hung from its body in an unkempt and wild manner. I was gone before we could say anything. My friend who was driving shouted, "What was



that?" But we all knew. We tried to push our original train away and maintain it as something else. But we couldn't.

When I told my friends and family in Ottawa about the experience, they thought I was making it up. Of course, they tried to logically explain it ("It was probably a bear coming out of hibernation"). It was only the Dogrib people who did not treat the story with any type of skepticism. They nodded solemnly and made no comment on what it was.

Shortly after, things began to make more sense to me in the community. The drum dance, which I initially perceived as being primitive and unimpressive, became full of awe. Knowing I learned to dance. The fact that I had shoes thought was a little strange and barbaric, seemed almost spiritual. I became familiar with the various uses of the canoe, including the construction of the aboriginal canoe by the elders because it is not and can only be driven when you have no teeth.

This past fall, a story began circulating around our village. The wife was giving everybody bad news, they were going to be killed and not to go walking by themselves into the bush. They surprised by how I reacted. Three years ago, I would have made fun of it. Now, I just accepted the warning and began at the back of my mind.

Logically, I know there are no Bushmen. It makes no sense and defies any type of scientific evidence. I know it is probable of other things, but the loneliness and their own lack of understanding in isolation in the far North. It is a possible to understand a unique and distant culture in the world.

But I did see something on that winter road. Winter is here again, and the long darkness gives you more to think. Tales of the Bushman do not really provide your thoughts during the times of daylight. But now, they almost seem plausible.

Every night, when I put my baby daughter to bed, the house has singing songs and talking to us. Once the child sleeps, I tend to creep quietly out of the room. Lately, however, I find myself staying longer, well after the first silence to keep her warm. I feel that the Bushman is not far away, but protect her from the Bushman.

Just as always.

After several decades, visitors to Foul Lake are still told to come out. Over the years, the



RETIRED REBORN

Increasingly, Canadians are living intensely in their golden years—working, volunteering, even starting new careers

DAPHNE SCHIFF looks out of place in her cluttered York University office. Wearing a plum-coloured designer suit with a fiery silk scarf, the 76-year-old could well be, on her way to a society luncheon, or shopping along Toronto's Bloor Street. Instead, the petite woman navigates through the stacks of dusty aviation books that fill the room, along with maps, a large model airplane and aircraft components, including a bent propeller. Schiff, who once was co-ordinator on aviation and is herself a pilot, is looking for a CD containing pictures from her recent trip to Africa. Eventually she finds it, then shows the images in the darkened computer monitor next door. "When my group was stranded in Libya for two days because of a fuel shortage, we had dinner with Bedouins," she recalls. "We also rented Jeeps and dragged in the sand dunes."

Last November, Schiff, along with Frenchwoman Jacqueline Huguier and Adèle Fugère, owner of a flight school in Guelph, Ont., flew a single-engine Cessna from Niger to communist Cameroon and other African countries. Schiff and Fugère, who used to paralyze in long-distance flying overpriced together, were the only Canadians involved with the French non-profit group Air Solidarité. They were inspecting schools, hospitals and employment programs funded by the charity, as well as delivering medical supplies and teaching equipment. It's the third year in a row that Schiff, who began flying when she was 46, has made the month-long trip for Air Solidarité. These African excursions have seen her battling headwinds, finding off-malaria-bearing mosquitoes and deciphering customs. Schiff has spent a lot of her own money, too, as her personal expenses for each trip are about \$20,000. But she has no plans to stop, and is thinking about next November's flight. "It's payback time," she

says, then laughs. "Retire? Take things easy? Why? I'm having way too much fun."

Schiff may have an atypical lifestyle, but her determination to live intensely in her golden years isn't unique. Canadian retirees are volunteering with non-profit groups, doing development work and finding part-time jobs. They're taking early retirement from one occupation only to embark on brand new careers or start their own businesses. "A lot of people are challenging the myths in our society that after the age of 65 you become useless and lose all meaning," says Bill Gledhill, executive director of the Canadian Association of the Fifty Plus. "They're giving the word retirement a whole new definition."

Much of this can be attributed to Canadians living longer and being healthier in their later years. Life expectancy was only 59 in 1922, when Ontario passed the Old Age Pension Act, whereby some low-income residents over 70 could receive a \$20-a-month pension. In the 1940s, when conscription and tuition began negotiating pension plans and mandatory retirement by age 65 in employment contracts, life expectancy was 69. Today, the average age of retirement is 61, down from 65 in 1977, and Canadians as a whole can expect to live until about 80, with poor health only in the last few years. "When 65 was originally chosen as the age to retire, people weren't expected to make it," says David Foot, University of Toronto economist and author of the best-seller *From Boom to Bust*. "Now people can anticipate at least a good healthy 10 years beyond their retirement, and they're using the time for recreational or occupational pursuits, paid and unpaid."

This trend is likely to continue as the front end of the baby boomers, those born in the late 1940s and early 1950s, retire over

Schiff has flown between France and Africa three times for an aid group, battling mosquitoes and malaria-bearing mosquitoes

decided 30 years. There are more than two million of them—about seven per cent of the Canadian population—and due to their sheer numbers, they could dispel many of the stereotypes surrounding retirement. “When the boomers were young, North American culture honoured youth,” says David Reed, a retired businessman and Calgary-based co-author of *Future Perfect: Retirement Strategies for Productive People*. “Now that they’re nearing retirement, we’re going to see a real celebration of age. Increasingly, older people are seeing this stage in their life to pursue things they’ve always wanted to do and live life to the fullest. It will be easy to be 60.”

IN 1995, when B.C. Hydro downsized computer science engineer Robert Middleer, then 59, was forced to take early retirement. His wife, Marilyn, quit her position with the planning department for the municipality of West Vancouver a short time later. “I’d heard horror stories of couples who didn’t retire at the same time,” says Marilyn, now 65, “and one would end up with an illness before they ever got around to the things they had dreamed of doing together.”

One of their dreams saw the couple spending the first six months of their retirement travelling from B.C. to Newfoundland and back on a mobile home. But their long-term aspiration was to do developmental work. Robert and Marilyn, who has a background in anthropology and sociology, had visited a few projects in Africa in the early 1990s with the goal of returning when they retired. But they concluded that those programs weren’t meeting the needs of the people they were supposed to be helping. “When the Middlemores returned from their cross-Canada trip, they attended a seminar for the Canadian Executive Service Organization, a federally funded organization that promotes economic and social growth in Aboriginal communities and developing countries. CEOVO volunteers—most of whom are retired—serve in various roles.”

Marilyn threw herself into helping Aboriginal women in Vancouver create business plans for their enterprises. Robert’s first assignment came in 2001, when he helped prepare a voter list and set up a computer program to tabulate results for a provincial Mink election. Since then, the two have taken on 19 assignments for CEOVO. Their latest is a three-year project with the Nuuksik First



“At one time I was on pills for my blood pressure and for depression. Now I need neither—because this work is so rewarding.”

—TONY GRANT

Nation in Bella Coola, B.C., where they and brother CEOVO volunteers will spend a week every few months. Marilyn will work with band members setting up their main office, while Robert organizes a team to implement a computer network. “It’s a real challenge,” says Marilyn, “but keeps us retired people on our toes, because you don’t have time to feel sorry for yourself.”

DAVID MORRISON has been special memories of his high-school years in Hamilton where he and friends Judy Lanza and the

now famous actor Eugene Levy performed folk music in local coffee houses. Morrison went on to pursue a career in business and then banking. And for decades, he brought out his guitar only at Christmas, to play for his three children. Four years ago, however, his kids gave him an ultimatum for his birthday, as their dad had always joked that he wanted to learn to play the instrument and the guitar in the same time. The music bag struck again. Morrison bought a new guitar and took up stringing lessons with a teacher near his rural home in Milpore, Ont., just north of Hamilton. A year ago he was given the opportunity to work with Toronto vocal instructor Elaine Overholt, who trained Richard Gere for the movie *Chicago*. “I felt impassioned by the music in a way I had never felt before,” says Morrison, 58. “I had this vision that I would sing for world peace one day because I believe in it so much.” Now, three weeks after retiring as



vice-president of executive development for TD Bank—a position that involved giving training seminars for executives—Morrison is on the verge of becoming a public performer again.

HE ALSO owns a leadership training company, which he plans to continue running long into his retirement. Recently, he incorporated music into his programs. Morrison converted part of his basement into a recording studio, where he makes CDs for his clients. He also hopes to record his own music. He and Lanza are considering a rework of their band, Tuesday’s Children, to coincide with the April release of *A Mighty Wind*, a movie about folk-music co-starting Levy. “We’re hoping the movie will spark a revival of folk music,” says Morrison. “There are the baby boomers who know the music, and there is the possibility of war, which drove folk music to begin with.”

“I felt impassioned by the music in a way I had never felt before. I had this vision that I would sing for world peace.”

—DAVID MORRISON

SHORTLY AFTER Nora Perrin retired as a Toronto high school English teacher and career counsellor in 1998, she agreed to drive a friend to a meeting with the Toronto-Glown Alley, a clown association. Perrin didn’t know anything about clowns except what she had seen on TV. She discovered that “Kecoco has a large and vibrant community of clowns—a community she very much wanted to be a part of. Not only did she join the group, but she spent a week that summer at clown camp in Alberta, where she learned how to apply makeup, design

her costumes, perform magic and make bill board animals.

Since then Perrin, now 61, has performed for five in hospitals and senior residences and at non-profit events, including fundraisers for Meals on Wheels and the Parkinson’s Society. “It’s so much fun to put on the costume,” laughs Perrin. “People appreciate it more than I ever thought possible. It’s a race of communicating. My accountant calls it humour consulting.” Perrin, who also paints, sews and does yoga, says clowning has helped in her transition from work to leisure. “Retirement is a whole new stage in your life, and it’s natural to mourn the loss of work and the friends you were once surrounded by. But all of a sudden there is this wonderful gift of time—time to do things you never thought about doing before and time to take care of the mind, body and spirit.”

INCREASINGLY, people as retirement age will have to continue working, at least part-time, to support themselves. The stock market’s downward slide in the past 20 years has left many people with less retirement income than planned. Aging women, in particular, have been hit hard by market declines as many get relatively small pensions—either because they never worked or their stock extended periods away from the labour force to raise children. While many seniors depend on pensions, retirees do not have the same luxury. For one thing, it’s increasingly rare for a person to stay with the same organization long enough (28 years on average) to qualify for the maximum pension. Smaller companies are also moving away from providing pension plans because they’re expensive to maintain. And the Canada Pension Plan struggles to keep up with the cost of living (the maximum entitlement for CPP is about \$540 a month and is based on contributions, not need).

The front end of the baby boomers—like their 10-year senior colleagues who are now retiring—have generally benefited from a prosperous economy at least early in their careers, and so have been well-positioned to acquire wealth and prepare for retirement. (Divorce, though, has wiped out many a nest egg.) The tail end of the boomers, however (those born in the early 1950s), have fared worse, says Perrin. “When they’ve gotten into finished school in the late 1930s and early 1990s, there weren’t any jobs. They have the positions at 39 that they would

have liked to have had at 29. They've delayed marriage and buying homes. They're close to 10 years behind their older siblings and may need to stay on the workforce longer."

Whether they have to continue working or simply wait to, Canadians face one major obstacle—unusually retirement, which became common about 50 years ago. Unions liked it as reward for a lifetime's hard labour, while business saw retirement as a means of promoting younger workers. But experts say it's now unrealistic because people can spend decades as retirees, and it prevents those who need an income from getting one. Meanwhile, with more businesses and professions facing skills shortages, it no longer makes good business sense, says Toronto-based economic consultant and social-policy researcher Arthur Denner. "One of the criticisms of businesses and governments is that there is too much turnover; there's no institutional memory left," says Denner. "Relying people take with them a lot of this institutional memory as they're probably been with their companies for a long time."

STUDIES SUGGEST that people who undergo mandatory retirement have an increased likelihood of death within three years if they don't find a new purpose in life. At the very least, there's a risk of depression. Peter Young was not in the position of having to work three years ago when, at 52, he was forced to end his career after the firm company he worked for was sold and then closed. Young, who holds a Ph.D. in chemistry, had spent more than 26 years in the oil industry, had enough money saved to support his family out from the labour force. The Calgary-based forced to spend one year with his two children who lived away. Yet within months, he found himself dipping into his meagre half. His usually fit, 175-lb frame suffered as he gained 35 lb while surfing the Internet all day. "I lacked the sense of accomplishment that work brought me," says Young. "I was horribly bored." He began browsing the employment ads. He began for someone at his upper management level were scarce and more involved relocating to North Africa.

Young's daughter suggested that her dad, who had always done his own home renovations, apply for a large home-improvement store. Young realized he had to do something to pull himself out of this slump.



'It's so much fun to put on the costume. People appreciate clowning more than I ever thought possible.'

—NORA PERERA

and took on a part-time position in the home business. He drove the forklift, which he had never done before, and hugging around wood helped him lose the weight he'd gained. He originally viewed Revy as a diversion until he found a job in the oil business, but he fell in love with his new work. He took on more hours and winter-sunrise each day to have coffee in the ice house. Tim Horton and talk show. "I feel like I have a purpose again," says Young. "I'm helping people build their homes."

Young plans on retiring for good in three years, and he's already preparing for the transition. With his employee discount, he's purchasing tools to be used in woodwork on his garage shop. He's also looking into becoming a Big Brother. "I hadn't put any thought into my first retirement, and it cost me my emotional health," he says. "Next time, I'll have things to do so I won't be doing these wondering what to do with my life."

IN THE FALL of 1997, Terry Grant, then 38, sold the automotive parts company he had spent 30 years building. He turned to what he thought would be a leisurely existence of reading and volunteering in his hometown of Markham, Ont., about 30 km north-west of Toronto. All that changed when Grant found an infant adopted niece on his property. He took the niece to Muskoka's Aspen Valley Wildlife Sanctuary, which he had come to know from vacationing in the Ontario cottage region years before with his wife and two children. When he arrived, he found the owner, 67-year-old Audrey Timony, struggling to look after an animal population which had ballooned from about 20 to 50 animals during the winter. Grant decided to stay on for a few weeks and help out. The weeks turned into months. Grant spent the following winter sleeping in an abandoned, poorly heated camper on sanctuary property. "I would go in at night, take my snowsuit and jump suit, catch," he says, chuckling. "When I got up in the morning, the snow on my snowsuit was still there."

Grant gradually took on more responsibilities, learning how to care for the animals from local volunteer veterinarians. In addition to the seasonal upkeep of the animals, which numbered as many as 1,000 in the summer months, Grant rescued bears and rehabilitated wolves and coyotes. He also raised moose, organized the volunteer and became the official liaison for the sanctuary with the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources.

Grant is now manager and takes home a small net salary of \$15,000. He and his wife, Patricia, sold their Markham house and purchased a cottage near the sanctuary. Every day, Grant wakes up at 4 a.m. to be with the animals by 5 o'clock, and often doesn't leave until well after dark. He is also on call 24 hours a day, every day of the week. But he's happy. "At one time I was making pills to lower my blood pressure and I was on Prozac for depression," he says. "Now I need neither, even though I put in more hours and am under more pressure than when I was in business. It's because this work is just so much more rewarding than anything I have done before. An injured fox or bear will be brought to the sanctuary, and we can't even feed him or put him in a cage. Within a day or so, that animal is free. Within a month, I'm seeing it live. Within five months, it's life more beautiful than that."

SOUND AND FURY

Wildlife experts worry that undersea seismic mapping will endanger a whale population

NOBODY quite knows what happens to a whale when it encounters sound blast from a ship doing its seismic survey for oil and gas beneath the ocean floor. But in 2000, several whales beached themselves in the Bahamas after apparently suffering air-breathing gas from military sonar, which also uses undersea sound waves. Last October, a U.S. judge halted scientific seismic sounding in the Gulf of California after two whales died in the area. "One possibility is that they get disoriented, beach themselves and die," says Hal Whitehead, a marine biologist at Halifax's Dalhousie University. "But we assume that the sound could actually kill them by changing their ears or lungs." Which explains why he's so upset that, by May, sound waves from seismic survey ships could start bombarding the coast not far from an underwater canyon off Nova Scotia where northern bottlenose whales make their home. "The problem here is that whales' lives are at stake," says Whitehead, who's been studying that population for 14 years.

If unfortunate coincidences, Whitehead would otherwise have been getting ready to celebrate. After five years of promises, the Department of Fisheries and Oceans says it is not months—and few businesses' signatures—away from making that underwater canyon, the Sable Gully 200 km south-west of Halifax, Canada's flagship Marine Protected Area (MPA). Skeptical scientists and environmentalists have heard three consecutive federal fisheries ministers say the same, many times. But at least some work has already been forbidden under the proposed MPA. And now even the most vocal environmentalists think Ottawa is finally about to officially protect the underwater trench the size of the Grand Canyon, home to everything from rare dolphins and 1,000-year-old corals to some 130 northern bottlenose whales.

For most, Whitehead is flummoxed as what may be about to happen just outside that designated MPA. When does Canada Ltd. is seeking approval to start compiling seismic

data in early May in an area that comes within three kilometers of the proposed Gully buffer zone. Some environmentalists are interpreting Marathon plan says that the oil companies, regulators and DFO are losing sight of their commitment to safeguard the northern bottlenose, already designated as endangered by scientists involved in the Committee on the Status of Endangered Wildlife in Canada. "The clock is ticking," says Robert Baugley, director of World Wildlife Fund Canada's Atlantic marine program. "Whales start working up on Sable Island, people are going to wonder why."

As usual, whether Marathon may get approval for exploration before an effective research and monitoring program to ensure the whales' safety is up. The oil company built with DFO, the Canada Nova Scotia Offshore Petroleum Board and scientists, including Whitehead, to devise measures to protect the marine mammals within some 60 km of the impact that seismic survey blazes have on whale populations. But so far, only one project, to monitor how the sound travels through deep water, has gone beyond draft form. On its own, that's "totally inadequate," says Whitehead, who doubts that

the other programs—including studies of how whales actually react to the noise—will be ready to go by the time Marathon's survey starts. "They promise to do a lot of things," he says, "and then when push comes to shove the ecological side gets dropped."

Marathon, which says the seismic ship will not be closer than 25 km from the Gully's greatest concentration of whales, feels it is taking appropriate steps. The sound waves will stop if observers spot whales within half a kilometer. The project will use a process that builds up the sound energy slowly, giving whales plenty of time to move further away. "We feel we're being highly responsible and respectful of what we know is a special place," says Doug Hollett, Marathon's Halifax-based area manager.

Ultimately that will be judged by the offshore petroleum board. Spokesperson Barbara Pike says it will look closely at Marathon's environmental safeguards in deciding whether to approve its seismic exploration plans. At this point, she says Marathon has gone well beyond what the board normally sees in terms of environmental protection. But the critics wonder if the board is in any position to get tough with Marathon in the wake of commercial setbacks in the Nova Scotia offshore, including EnCana Corp.'s recent decision to halt development of a natural gas field. Other companies, meanwhile, are ready to adjust their exploration plans according to how the board rules on Marathon. "They're listening," says Whitehead. And the riskier sounding the Gully is as loud as ever.



An oil exploration firm says its safeguards do protect the bottlenose whales off Nova Scotia.



A FLAMBOYANT, FLIRTATIOUS FRAUD

Winnifred Eaton used a fake Japanese identity to become a successful novelist

WINNIFRED EATON was no ordinary ranch wife. In 1924, seven years after arming as southern Alberta on the arm of her second husband, Frank Reeve, she received a visit from Hollywood movie mogul Elmer Clifton, business partner to the legendary director D.W. Griffith. Clifton had bought the movie rights to Eaton's recently published novel, *Carrie*, a blunt account of an innocent farm girl who is molested by a brutal landowner with the amiable manner of Bull. As Clifton approached the ranch Eaton and Reeve owned in the spectacular foothills country west of Calgary, he shouted out "Stop the car! This is incredible! Incredible!" Despite

With Deane, Paul and Perry. The children, except for Deane, were a source of grief.

his enthusiasm, Clifton never did get filmed but shortly after Clifton's visit, Eaton left her husband to head to New York and then Hollywood for a new career as a screenwriter. The flamboyant, flamboyant Eaton—a trail-blazing author whose controversial life and work are attracting renewed interest and scrutiny—had reinvented herself yet again.

As much as anything the overwrought, Winnifred Eaton's life was the stuff of fiction. Born in Montreal in 1875, she was the eighth of 14 children in an impoverished family

headed by an English-born painter, Edward Eaton, and his Chinese wife, Grace. At the age of 20, Winnifred left Montreal to be a journalist in Jamaica. She then made her way to Chicago and New York, where she assumed a fake Japanese identity and name—Onoto Watanna—and went on to pen more than 15 books, including several hugely popular romance novels set in Japan. In 1915, Eaton wrote an exhaustive autobiographical novel, *Me*, which created a literary sensation that became a very modern publicity campaign. *Bullheads* and subway ads splashed around New York celebrating "Who is the author of *Me*?" A lengthy at-

tention the New York Times attempted to answer that question, concluding that *Me* was written by Onoto Watanna, who, strictly speaking, didn't really exist.

Eaton's celebrity faded soon after the publication of her last novel in 1925. But interest in her work—and, in particular, her colorful life—resurged in the 1980s thanks to academic Amy Ling's groundbreaking research into early Asian-American writers. Ling, then an English professor at Rutgers University in New Jersey, noted that Eaton's Japanese heroines were "a far cry from the demure, deferential, usually self-effacing, stereotypical Asian woman. They are, like their creator herself, sturdy survivors who use their ingenuity, beauty, resourcefulness to achieve their own ends."

In 2001, Eaton's granddaughter, Diana Birchall, published *Onoto Watanna: The Story of Winnifred Eaton*, a lively biography of the relative who not only flourished prior to Eaton's death at age 78. Last June, Birchall, 57, who lives in Santa Monica, Calif., talked about her grandfather at a University of Calgary conference called, "Unsettled Past: Reconstructing the West Through Women's History." Eaton would have likely appreciated the irony of being her life as a prism for reconstructing the past. As Birchall's biography makes clear, Eaton was never one to let the facts stand in the way of a good story.

When Eaton began writing her Japanese stories, she not only adopted the name of Onoto Watanna, but occasionally presented her assumed identity to gullible journalists. She posed in *Illustration*, the New York *World Tribune* said she was born in Nagasaki and the *Sunday Morning* described her as "a cunning blend of Japanese gracelessness, English respect, and just a dash of American humor."

Why the Japanese rise? Japs, at the time, certainly had romantic appeal. Eaton may also have wanted to distance herself from her older sister Edith, a published author in her own right who used the Chinese pseudonym, *Yu San* Fan. This much, however, is clear: Winnifred Eaton never visited Japan and, instead, based the details of her novels on exhaustive literary research. More on that, the publicity maintained the deception about her ethnicity until her death.

Eaton's personal life was both turbulent and troubled. In 1901, after arriving in New York, she met and married her first husband, Bernard Rabcock. Between 1903 and 1907, the couple had four children, and all the while she continued to write popular novels. During their six-year marriage, Rabcock developed into a wife-abusing alcoholic whom she left after an ugly incident on the steps of their New York home, in which he kicked and hit her. "I am done with him," Eaton later wrote in her diary. "He has beaten me for the last time."

Eaton's children were also a source of considerable grief. In 1908, her son, Berne, died from convulsions and heart failure just before his fourth birthday. Another son, Perry, developed a severe mental illness, likely schizophrenia, at age 23 and was institutionalized most of his adult life. A third son, Paul, a struggling poet, was a hopeless alcoholic who persisted for his financial support. Only daughter Doris enjoyed a relatively stable life, becoming a key financial contributor for Eaton's second husband.

The vicious Winnifred was rarely short of romantic suitors. While living in Reno, Nev., in 1917 long enough to qualify for a divorce from Rabcock, she met and promptly married Reeve, who was seeking a divorce from his first wife. Reeve, whose parents

were farmers, was a New York businessman who had decided to start a new life farming and teaching in the Canadian West. While Eaton liked to ride the range and soak lyrically of the region's beauty, she found the town-bred writers in the country too soiling and typically middle-class Calgary until spring there. In 1924, the left Reeve, who had fallen on hard times financially, and pursued a longtime dream to write for the movies. For the next seven years she lived with her children in New York and Hollywood, where she worked on several films, none of them huge hits.

In 1931, Reeve, who had taken a mistress, decided to Hollywood intent on securing a divorce from Eaton. Instead, Eaton would him back and they returned to Calgary. It didn't hurt that Reeve, by this point, had started to make money as a stockbroker (he would go on to make a fortune in oil and become one of the richest men in Alberta). A child of poverty, Eaton had worked consistently to be financially secure. Writing to a sister, Eaton noted that "to prove to him, he made a will, leaving me everything."

In her last decades, until her 1954 death (Reeve died two years later), Eaton led a quiet life, her writing career far behind her. Daughter Doris moved to Calgary in 1934, along with her eight-year-old son, Tim, Revere, and went to work for Revere. Revere, now 77 and a retired University of Toronto mathematics professor, recalls sharing a home with his grandfather for nearly 16 years, first in Hollywood and then in Calgary. "He was somewhat of a eccentric," Revere told Madelon, "a trifle egomaniacal and very much liked to have her own way." After the bright lights of New York and Los Angeles, Eaton also found life in a prairie city a relief. "He often had aspiring writers asking her how to get ahead," recalls Revere. "She'd most always told them, 'The first thing you have to do is get out of Elm Creek.'"

Eaton's only son, her grandchild views her once celebrated writing in both infuriating and inspiring. Birchall, who works for Warner Bros. as a story analyst (she admits none that could be made into movies), readily concedes that Eaton could be manipulative, deceitful and self-centered. "But she also had a lot of spirit," adds Birchall. "She was a very independent woman who loved herself and did what she had to do to succeed." Not always a wonderful life, but never less than a fascinating one. ■





AN EXQUISITE MADNESS

With *Spider*, David Cronenberg weaves a chilly masterpiece of Oedipal dread

FOR MOST of his career, David Cronenberg had a distinctive image: staring through large, black-framed glasses, he looked like a scientist on the verge of a scary discovery. But a few years ago, the director underwent laser eye surgery and got rid of the glasses. He has a video of the operation, a souvenir that he compares to the classic shot of a razor blade dissecting an eyeball in Luis Buñuel's *Un chien andalou*. "I quite enjoyed the procedure," he recalled in a recent interview. "On the tape there are big close-ups of the cornea being sliced open. They cut through it painless and open it like a book."

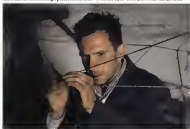
From his early days as a purveyor of biological horror, Cronenberg has developed a reputation for really examining things that make the rest of us squeamish. Since then, he's made movies about rats growing legs (*Dead Ringers*), nanosized typositters (*Naked Lunch*), or wrecked cars (*Crash*), and umbilical pore pods (*Antennae*). Next month, the Canadian director turns 60, and his pathological gaze now seems more kindly focused than ever. With *Spider*, his 15th feature, he's created the most austere and restrained film of his career. It's also one of his best, a chilly masterpiece of Freudian psychodrama. Given the title, and Cronenberg's past Irish for skin

crawling creatures, you might get the wrong idea. But there are no spiders in *Spider*. The tale refers to the nickname of the central character, a schizophrenic played with fierce intensity by Ralph Fiennes. And the only creature in this film is the man's disturbing imagination.

Based on the novel by British writer Patrick McGrath, who also wrote the screenplay, *Spider* is set in London's bleak East End. A dawning figure steps off a train and makes his way to a halfway residence for mental patients, a boardinghouse from hell run by a tyrant named Mrs. Wilkinson (Lena Headey). There, in the streets where he grew up, Spider begins to unravel the trauma of his childhood. As a boy, he became convinced that his father, Bill Cleg (Gabriel Byrne), murdered his mother and replaced her with Yvonne, a prostitute from the local pub. A shape-shifting Miranda Richardson portrays both the mother and the whore, and even morphs into the sadistic landlady.

Wearing four shirts under his pajamas, and afraid natural gas is leaking from his skin, Spider appears to be in mortal fear of his own

The director's only special effect in *Fiennes*, whose eyes "after you watch nothing really"



body. He mostly talks, just mumbles under his breath, and fills a notebook that he hides under the covers with scribbled pages of hieroglyphic scripps. His life is a muddle of frayed scotches. Meaningful bits of string tumble out of his pockets. Like the assassin *Mr. Nobody*, Spider is obsessively searching for the thread of his own existence. It's as if *Paranoid* has woken up to another land of English pastures, bedraggled by the past and clutching a tattered book, but instead of a burnt body he has an inflated mind.

The drama pivots on flashbacks to Spider as a delicate schoolboy, played with rare dispassion by 10-year-old newcomer Bradley Hall. Then his schizophrenic web was just a scotch bottle of Oedipal sorrows, spun from the stern English wool of sexual repression. The time frame toggles between the '50s and '60s. But both period and location feel metaphorical, a world of converging angles and empty streets where Samuel Beckett or Franz Kafka would feel at home.

"Beckett was a touchstone," Cronenberg acknowledges. "That purity, that distillation of experience. In my filmmaking, I've been stripping away things that don't interest me, and focusing closer and closer on what excites me. *Spider* is simple, simple, simple. It becomes very compressed, very dense, like a small planet with great gravity, then opens up into quite a lot of complexity." Essentially, the whole film takes place in Spider's mind, but with Cronenberg the mind is always visceral. "It's a very physical film," he says. "Even though I don't do effects, it's a body-conscious as anything I've done. Spider is pared down to almost only his body. And he barely talks."

That's a radical change from the character in the book, who serves as an articulate literary narrator. And the first draft of McGrath's script included voice-over passages of Spider writing his journal. But that didn't jibe with the character's differing subconscious, a non-verbal approach that Fiennes developed on the set. "Ralph likes to scribble," Cronenberg says, "and it just seemed to work. It was like singing."

The director also stripped away aspects of the book that seemed tailor made for him, including hallucinations of bugs and a blood-sucking porcupine. "We had the special effects guys make the porcupine," says the director, "but I didn't owe a bother shooting it, because I realized the movie had revealed itself as something different. Ralph is very big special effect



in this movie." Or, as McGrath has pointed out, "It seems unnecessary to visualize the hell in which Spider lives when you've got the eyes of Ralph Fiennes, which offer you words within words."

Cronenberg may be famous for portraying missions of the flesh, but in *Spider*, as in *Dead Ringers*, he reveals himself as an actor's director. Fiennes, who makes a specialty of emulating torment, has never been better. Virtually without dialogue, he uses his eyes and hands to draw the viewer into a flange web of intrigue. Richardson slips like quackwater through a trio of female archetypes. As a projection of Spider's deluded

The film takes place in Spider's mind, but with Cronenberg the mind is always visceral

visions, Byrne keeps his balance as a precarious role. And John Neville adds a droll grace note of paranoid erudition to Yvonne, a resident of the boarding house who savors Spider's obsessive behavior as a work of coded genius.

Denouncing as it through Spider's eyes, Cronenberg unveils that queer landscape of English repression with exquisitely composed images of industrial dread—from the fires of a gas oven to looting over a nest to the brick arches of a railway bridge overgrown by

woods. He shot scenes in England and interiors in Toronto—using dark, crumbly wall paper imported from London. "I spent a lot of time in England as a young man," he says. "I slept on floors of rooms with horrible beams that you had to put that penny bismar, I know the darkness, the mould, the lumbago—and the repressed rage that's all intertwined with the class system."

Yet in the end, he insists, "*Spider* is a completely Canadian movie, a Canadian movie that delivers Englishness." Or perhaps it simply comes from another country with no frontier, the undared reaches of David Cronenberg's imagination.

THE PERFECT GUEST COMES TO CALL

In a world awash with the displaced, Pico Iyer sets his hopes on CanLit

"I THOUGHT I HEARD THAT," exclaims a pensive Pico Iyer. "It came across some-
one's shoulder, because I was in Japan at the
time." It's referring to Marcel Mureau, novelist
Yann Martel's provocative remark upon
winning the prestigious Booker prize in Oc-
tober—that Canada was producing award-
winning literature because it was "the great-
est hotel on earth." What Martel meant was
that proudly multicultural Canada, which
doesn't just tolerate but welcomes diversity,
was reaping the benefit of the resulting
cultural ferment—a new kind of exciting,
global writing. It's a concept that we found
to appeal to Iyer, whose gift of sympathetic
observation has made him one of the
most celebrated travel writers of our time.

Iyer, in fact, is the global cool—to borrow
the title of one of his own books—made
flesh. Born in Oxford to Indian parents in
1957, he speaks none of the subsequent's
two dozen languages his family moved to
California when he was seven, but he was
educated at Eton and Oxford, and still
speaks with a British accent. Now he speaks
about four months of the year in California,
mostly as a Benedictine monk, and the
rest in Japan with his Buddhist lover of 13
years, Hiroko Takahashi. (He speaks Japanese
at a toddler's level, he says, about the
same as Tolkien's English.) Small wonder
Iyer can afford to answer of contemporary
CanLit—and of Canada itself. "All my parts
and parts are put together here," he says in
the offices of his Toronto publisher. "That's
why I feel such an affinity for Canada. It's
a country several steps ahead in globaliza-
tion, culturally speaking, the place where I
first heard the word multicultural. People
here are always thinking of the things I've
always thinking of."

Of course, Iyer also likes Martel's com-
ment because he said it first. Three years
ago, in *The Global Shift*, his critically ac-
claimed book of essays on the meaning of
home in an increasingly borderless world,
Iyer posited Toronto as a place that wel-
comes the displaced without making them
give up the past, a city that was "a kind of

metrol room with large." But the common
metaphor is not the only thread that links
the two writers. The hero of Martel's Booker-
winning *Life of Pi* is an Indian teenager
who is an equally devout adherent of Hindu-
ism, Islam and Christianity. What makes
the character plausible is all that 16-year-old
Pi Patel, raised in a family that was Hindu
culturally (Pi, like Iyer, is, strictly, merely
to add Allah and Christ to an already crowd-
ed pantheon. It's much harder to credit ei-
ther of the reverse possibilities, with a mem-
ber of one of the more distant monotheisms
adopting the Hindu deity.

That raises the intriguing notion that, if
Canada is the world's greatest hotel, per-
haps Indians, heirs to a millennium-old
tradition of religious and cultural syncretism,
are the world's best guests. "Maybe, maybe,"
Iyer laughs. "I've always said Indians are
the only immigrants who let the ground
remain in New York. Middle-class Indians
assimilate seamlessly, as home they move
through several languages and cultures on
a daily basis. Think of novels by Muzil or
Giono, for instance, written with a foot in
three or four cultures."

That's an advantage Iyer sees in many
Canadian writers too. Martel, for one, the
Spanish-born son of Canadian diplomats
who was raised around the world, or Michael
Ondaatje, who spent his boyhood in Sri
Lanka and Britain. But more important
than ancestry for Iyer is a Canadian cultural
milieu that encourages even the native-
born-like Denzhi Do, whose novel of Edo-
kushima's aftermath, *The Ash Garden*, Iyer
greatly admires—to tackle world-ranging
themes. Canada's large cities are no more
multicultural than Sydney or London or

New York, Iyer argues, but here "multicul-
turalism is seen not just as a fact, but as an
opportunity." And not just by chance, if well-
meaning, humanitarian, but within individ-
ual artistic imaginations, as a chance to
blend stories and lifelines. One of the modern
world's dispiriting problems is that the
tides of refugees washing up around the
world bring their ancient quarrels with them.
Insofar as there is hope for something bet-
ter from this mingling of peoples, says Iyer,
"it is being advanced more interestingly by
Canadian novelists than by anyone I know."

Iyer acknowledges there are darker sus-
pects to the hotel metaphor, interpretations
that have kept Martel's dream resounding in
Canada since the fall. National Post columnist
Mark Steyn has returned that view, de-
claring that "a nation has to be more than
an ongoing rooming house." Canada, Steyn
was implying, is so besetted with multi-
culturalism that it has become, literally,
nothing—there is no longer, to paraphrase
Gertrude Stein, any here, here. Iyer always
is the political implications, preferring to keep
his focus on art. The older kind of CanLit,
rooted in small towns or remotely unchanged
regions of the country, still thrives, he argues,
clinging his liking for Atlantic Canadian writ-
ers such as Alasdair MacLennan. "But it's not
dramatically different, not the whole new genre
that Toronto literature is."

THE INFLUENCE of that literature is read-
ily apparent in *Almond* (Knopf), Iyer's new
novel. The Canadian touch extends from
needs to Ondaatje's *The English Patient*, Iyer's
favorite Canadian novel, to the fact that
"I've set one of the US without a single Amer-
ican character. I've Canada in that every-
body in it is from somewhere else." The
story takes on John Macmillan, an English
Ph.D. student who has fled the Old World
regimes of Oxford for California. There,
he studies *Stanzas*, a branch of Islam, the
one major world religion of which Iyer had
no experience before he began his research.
Macmillan is obsessed with the writings
of Rumi, a 13th-century Persian mystic who



is now, incongruously, the best-selling poet
in America. I Gaudier for a long time. I'll
suspect named to have been smuggled
out of Iran during the Revolution, takes
Macmillan to Spain, India and Iran, and
then Iyer offers with the mysterious and
emotionally fragile CanLit. *Almond* is a novel
rich in symbols and patterns, from a let-
ter concerning the two lovers' names to their
constant habit of smoking marijuana, the
better to reach a higher metaphysical plane.

Iyer admires Toronto as "a kind of motel room
with large" and better to a new literary genre.

Iyer plays throughout with his title. Some
characters have been physically decimated—
by secret police, by an unerring family, by
honey-like tribes left at an open house
door, but at other times the abandonment is
a sexual or mystical rapture.

Although there are flashes of irony, lyrical
writing throughout, most—unapologetically,

in a travel writer's novel—are scenes of
Macmillan abroad. Iyer's eye, so acute when
describing modern reality, becomes blurred
when detailing his fictional love affair. But
the true—and unintentional—irony lies in
Almond's conclusion, which ties all its
strands together in a startling but very Amer-
ican happy ending. Iyer clearly didn't grow
up in Lotus Land. For nothing. There's a lot
of California dreaming in Pico Iyer, global
soul and homebody. **B**



Education is a Social Science and an Art

Reading, writing and arithmetic were enough a hundred years ago, but an education system for the "Information Age" requires innovative thinking and research in curriculum design, teacher training, management practices, funding policy, standards and testing, developmental psychology, learning disabilities, culture, human-computer interaction, community resources, poverty, lifelong learning and the role of technology.

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CLOSINGNOTES

MUSIC | 48
So you wanna be a rock 'n' roll star

Canadian bands like Vancouver's the Organ think it's Toronto for Canadian Music Week.



People | 50
She comes by it naturally

Seventy Gaille Suzuki, the 23-year-old daughter of David Suzuki, is pursuing international recognition for her struggle for environmental protection. After she gets credit to high-profile world summits, Gaille Suzuki puts her faith in grassroots solutions.



Listings |
A sweeping
array

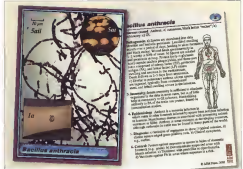
Reveries Acts
March 6-8
Take a look at what theatre makers in Calgary are working on as Theatre Junction stages a nine festival of plays in progress, funded by Coalition Relevance Theatre Calgary.

Animal Tales
March 15-22
As part of their series for young audiences, the Cheneaux Theatre presents this original play, featuring recordings of animals' voices and Michael Haver, Chemist, B.C.

Brill's Festival
March 13-19
The 2000 Canadian Music Festival is celebrating its 50th anniversary. The festival offers a wide range of programming, including live performances, recordings, and a variety of events.

Get On Board
March 14-15
This event offers workshops on the evolution of gospel music in the North American and Caribbean in a concert featuring members of the Halifax Mass Choir, Corner Brook, Nfld.

Navitas
March 19-20
Katie Griffin Fine Arts of Canada presents this international festival of Indian dance, with young artists from India, England, the U.S. and Canada.



Health | Got it, got it, need it, need it, got it, need it

OK, we're not likely to be the next Pakistan crisis. But University of Alberta microbiology professor Mark Peppin has come up with a unique deck of cards that is quickly becoming a hot commodity in academic circles. Based on his childhood love of baseball trading cards, Peppin, 52, recently created MicrobeCards, a quick primer on the world's major micro organisms and the things they do to us. The colourful illustrations on the front of the cards feature such notorious offenders as the West Nile and Ebola viruses, as well as all sorts of fungi, parasites and bacteria. Inset are up to four more disturbing images depicting mummies, mummies, disease victims—all the fear stuff. On the back of the cards, there's lots of neat information on how the microbe attacks the human body and how to treat the resulting infections.

The collectible MicrobeCards for anthrax (above) is a good study tool.

THE DETAILS
For more info on these booklets, call 1-800-387-3873 or visit www.surgency.org.



Got to have 'em? An initial printing of 5,000 decks (each 106 cards to a deck) is selling briskly through the Web site of the American Society for Microbiology, which underwrites Peppin's project. Or, if you happen to live in Edmonton, you can drop by the U of A bookstore, which has sold more than 300 decks (at \$45.95 per pack) since late December.

Peppin sees MicrobeCards as an ideal learning tool for medical and nursing students who otherwise have to wade through one woefully textbook after another to get the same kind of comparative information. But could it ever have the mass appeal of the baseball cards he collected as a young boy in Wheatley Bay, Wis., in the 1950s? "Who knows?" says Peppin. "Strange things have happened. People have said the cards are really gross, too ugly to look at." More over Mickey Mouse, the anthrax between tuberculosis card has just hit the shelves.

DEAN DEGENHARDT



People | Summits are fine, but travel mugs are better

Severn Cullis-Suzuki doesn't go anywhere without her stainless steel coffee mug. "The disposable coffee cup is a symbol of North American excess," she says. "We are so wasteful that we ignore the solution, which is really just trading in one habit for another." If her message sounds familiar, that's because the 25-year-old Vancouverite is the daughter of Canadian environmentalist David Suzuki. But she's been garnering international recognition in her own right since 1992. That year, speaking at the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Cullis-Suzuki, then 12, brought UN delegates to their feet—and some to tears.

In the decade since Rio, Cullis-Suzuki has

worked with international leaders to produce the Earth Charter in 2006, graduated Yale University with a degree in ecology and evolutionary biology, and helped create the Skyfish Project—an Internet-based think tank for young environmental activists.

In 2007, UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan hand-picked Cullis-Suzuki for the advisory panel at the World Summit on Sustainable Development, in Johannesburg. But Cullis-Suzuki feels that these high-profile gigs can only do so much. "I've seen a stark disconnect between talk and action," she says. "The real innovation is at the grassroots level. What will only get better through a lot of little habit changes." **—ALICE BROWN**

Divisions | Seamus O'Regan

Nerv's still the no-brain of Canada's AM has been enjoying CD, THE ROBERTS (PITCHFORK) Philip Glass. "If you weren't depressed before putting it on, you will be when it's done—this is the good sometimes." **BOOKS: PERSONAL HISTORY** by Katherine Graham. No publisher of the Washington Post, Graham (who died in 2001) was at the centre of American politics. She was both a matriarch and shrewish woman.



TV | Secrets and stiffs

FAMILY SECRETS

(Monday 10:30 p.m., starting Feb. 26, on the W network)

This new series is, without a doubt, haunting. Directed by Toronto-based Maxine Jenkins, *Family Secrets* is mostly on the title subjects—each episode focuses on one person at a time, peeling back the layers to show a secret they've kept. There's an affair with a cross-dressing father and an S&M mother. The emotions of these Canadians are laid bare as they, horrifying, discover and draw them into the stories. For example, in one episode, three brothers talk about the night that their father brutally murdered their mother—visiting her grave and looking at old family photographs that while the camera of the series is fascinating, there are no realizations, which is frustrating. **—AMY CAMERON**



SIX FOOT UNDER

(Thursday 8 p.m., starting March 4, on the Movie Network and Movie Central)

After a too-long hiatus, the Fisher family returns in the third season of this Emmy-winning HBO series. When we last left these L.A. undertakers, eldest brother Wade was going under the knife for brain surgery. This season resolves the cliffhanger in a doubly serious manner: Is the quirky hilarity of the show (in which eldest Charles is an art scholar, David and Beth are a couple's therapist, Wade's dividing his time between burying her granddaughters and her parallelly addicted dad). And everyone's back to business as usual, growing comfort to growing tensions of the deceased while being at a complete loss as to how to give support to their own. **—SHARON SZEL**

Books | Selling ice to the Inuit

Most people have some idea of the commercial ice business that provided arctic refrigeration, but its scope has been largely forgotten. In *The Frozen-Water Trade*, a true story (though, damn Neilsen's research on its astonishing history is solid). On Feb. 13, 1886, a big-boat Arctic harbour for Maritime with a newly elevated cargo—large chunks of ice gouged from a Massachusetts lake. It was the trademark of a Yankee druggist named Frederic Tudor who thought—elementary, to everyone's surprise—that he could preserve ice from 19th-century sailing voyages and feed tropical customers' happy and hot enough, to buy it. Tudor's fortunes began to flourish in 1833 when 18th boxes of this ice packed in by arrived in Calcutta, having survived a four-month voyage of 25,000 km and two crossings of the equator. New England ice soon became a staple in British India, and when Governor Dalhousie once presented a trophy to Tudor's firm a gift, that it was from North America that the summer availability of ice changed the work. By the early 20th century thousands were employed in the trade—New York City alone used five million tonnes a year—and ice drinks, cold beer and ice cream were everyday commodities.

BESTSELLERS

Fiction

1. THE BURNING MAN, Michael Chabon (5)	4
2. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
3. THE LUNACY MONK, John Le Carré (3)	2
4. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
5. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
6. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
7. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
8. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
9. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
10. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1

Non-fiction

1. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
2. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
3. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
4. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
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9. THE LAST THING WE CAN BELIEVE, Michael Chabon (5)	1
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Compiled by Sharon Szela

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OUR ONLY BEST FRIENDS

Anti-Americanism is on the rise here. It's unworthy of Canadians—and unfair.

THERE'S A RISING WAVE of anti-Americanism in Canada. It's partly about anti-semitic comments, which run deep in this country. It's partly about the perception of George W. Bush as a cowboy. But it's largely about America's wealth and power. And in that sense, anti-Americanism is pernicious as anti-Semitism, rooted in envy rather than prejudice.

Anti-Semitism is defined by the Anti-Defamation League as "simply a hostility directed at Jews only because they are Jews." Similarly, anti-Americanism is aimed at Americans largely because they are Americans. It's not because of anything they've done to us, it's because of who they are and what they have: money and might.

It's also because their government, unlike that of most of the first, twines as to war with or without the support of the UN. It's because their trigger-happy pilots kill Canadian soldiers on the ground. It's because we take in their planes on a day of infamy and their president forgets to walk as even as he thanks everyone else. It's because they think the terrorist problem is at our border, when it demonstrably isn't—just one of the terrorist hijacks earned the U.S. through Canada, and every alert sense has proven to be a false alarm, unless crossing the border to gas up a new car stolen terrorist. It's because Washington harasses Canadian softwood lumber. But these are issues between our two governments, not between our two peoples.

In a fashionable Montreal restaurant the other night, one man's loud table talk included frequent references to "le messiah Américain," in the same contemptuous tone some Quebecers once spoke of "le messiah juif." In Toronto, in Ottawa, and everywhere in our English media, we constantly refer to "the Americans," the way the Americans might talk about their in-law—a bother in their lives.

This should be very troubling to Canada, not just because of negative implications for our relations with the U.S., but because

it's revealing of a flaw in our national character—an insufferable air of moral superiority. Being back the Canadian inferiority complex. It soaked up much better than the nation's sense that we are better than Americans, a better people living in a better land.

"Canada is a country without enemies," one woman said lately at a recent Montreal lunch, organized by the Institute for the Search on Public Policy for a briefing on court-ordered measures by a cabinet from West Point. The anti-American sentiment in the room was as clear as the acceptance greeting that Howard's message that new-age terrorists "don't want a seat at the table, they want to destroy the table, and everyone sitting at it."

Canadians don't get it because they don't feel threatened as a target of terrorism. Well, at least Canadians know they've been named as a target of terror on Osama bin Laden's hit list. At any rate, given our notorious unaffiliations, we would have been offended if we'd been left out.

Canadians don't get it because they would



rather have a debate about the root cause of terrorism than do anything about it. They would rather view the world in terms of moral equivalency between George W. Bush and Saddam Hussein. This is exactly what all, where a pre-Christmas poll found that 34 per cent of Canadians thought Dubya was a bigger threat to world peace than Saddam. When the Prime Minister's communications director carelessly let slip that the President of the United States was "a terrorist," far too many Canadians agreed with him. As if, as a matter of routine, Howard goes out M.B.A. degrees to morons.

And Canadians don't get it because even so we live under the protection of the American shield, and live off the profits of our trade with them, we resent Americans. We see ourselves as the "kinder, gentler" place of which the first George Bush spoke. A nation of peacekeepers—but we don't even act as much of that any more. The unpunctuated nation of Baghdadish leads the world in peacekeeping, while Canada's contribution has slipped to 34th place. The Prime Minister keeps lying the push on Iraq, hoping the UN will pass a second resolution authorizing force before the U.S. goes in on its own. And then what?

At a conference organized by the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada, in a plenary on responsibilities of the media, there was a question from the floor about the U.S. being on orange terror alert while Canada was on "baby blue alert." An American panellist, Alex Jones, director of the Shorenstein Center at the Kennedy School of Government, touchingly replied that he hoped Canadians "will be spared" what Americans have been put through.

But there is little sympathy for the U.S., even on that account any more. On the same afternoon, the coldest day of a bitter winter, 100,000 people marched through downtown Montreal in part of the impressive global protest against the looming invasion of Iraq. But it wasn't just about that, or even about the chaos of "Bush Sucks." It was about anti-Americanism, so bone-chilling as the day.

It's in the air, all right. It's unworthy of Canadians. And it's time to speak up for our friendship with "the Americans," who are, for their abundant failings, the only best friends we have.

Journalist L. Ian MacDonald is a former head of public affairs at Canada's U.S. embassy.

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